# The TATLER

Vol. CLXVIII. No. 2183

BYSTANDER





# McVITIE & PRICE Biscuits of Highest Quality

Finnigans

first for fashion

Fine flavoured and economical in use. Roasted, blended and packed by the proprietors of The Doctor's Ceylon Tea. Send grocer's address if supplies are unobtainable.

Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd., 20, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3

# LAGONDA



the finest of fast cars

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX



MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. Distilleries - Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

off for the Duration

- on for the Peace

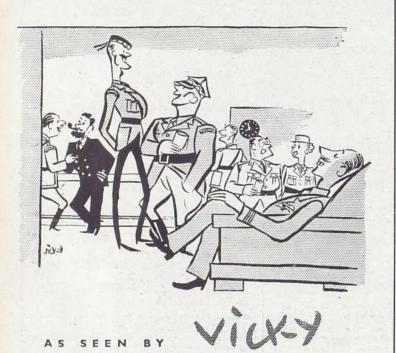
BY 'CAREFUL' PEOPLE MOST FIRES ARE CAUSED

DON'T JUST CAREFUL-BE

Issued as part of the Fire Offices' Committee Campaign against Fire Wastage

# The United Nations at Simpson's

SERVICES CLUB



THE NEWS CHRONICLE CARTOONIST

East may be East and West West, but the twain certainly meet in Simpson's Services Club. In fact, you'll find here United Nations officers—men and women—from every part of the world. Even more to the point, you'll find a good bar, comfortable atmosphere, valeting, hot baths, barber shop (men and women), theatre and hotel booking service, and—a warm invitation to make yourself at home!



# The Railways took it in their Stride

"HE preparations (for the North African expedition) were begun as long ago as last March... As an indication of the magnitude of what we had to do...185,000 men, 20,000 vehicles, and 220,000 tons of stores had all to be moved in a period of about three weeks from billets and depots to ports.

This meant running 440 special troop trains, 680 special freight trains and 15,000 railway wagons by ordinary goods services...

The almost complete surprise achieved in an operation of this magnitude is unbelievable and reflects the greatest credit on all concerned."

> RT. HON. SIR JAMES GRIGG, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., Secretary of State for War, in the House of Commons.

### BRITISH



### RAILWAYS

RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

# CHEMIGUM

# -GOODYEAR'S SYNTHETIC RUBBER



High in the field of scientific industrial achievement stands 'Chemigum'—Goodyear's synthetic rubber product. Today, we can be grateful for Goodyear's foresight: the Goodyear tradition for pioneering in order to improve resulted in Goodyear's original exploration of synthetic rubber nearly 20 years ago. In 1938, after long and patient experiment, 'Chemigum' finally emerged. But 'Chemigum' is still difficult to produce in the large

quantities which are needed today, and its cost is still relatively high Not a second is being wasted; not a solitary opportunity lost, in overcoming these obstacles. Every day that passes is a day nearer to the mass production of Goodyear's 'Chemigum'.

Meanwhile, the extreme gravity of the rubber supply situation calls for the most urgent effort by everyone. It is a vital national duty for everyone to save Rubber.

Another



contribution to Progress

02 PICCADILLY, W.I REGENT 2002

# THE TATLER

LONDON APRIL 28, 1943

# and BYSTANDER

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXVIII. No. 2183

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland rd. Foreign 11d.



### When Ladies Meet

On a few days' visit to the White House as the guest of President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mmc. Chiang Kai-shek, the wife of China's Generalissimo, was photographed in the garden with her hostess. These two ladies, both such active workers in the cause of their countries' war effort, must have found much to talk about and to discuss. Mmc. Chiang Kai-shek went to America last November to undergo medical treatment for an injury received five years ago, when her car overturned during a tour of a war sector near Shanghai. Restored to health, and anxious to see the American war effort, she made a tour of the country, and her address to the United States Congress was a great personal triumph for this gallant and heroic little lady. If it should be possible for her to visit this country in the near future she would receive a very warm welcome, and her visit should prove as popular a one as that of Mrs. Roosevelt last autumn



# AY OF THE WAR

### By "Foresight"

Bombing

THE bombing of the Skoda works at Pilsen with such force and determination shows the increasing strength and ever-extending power of the Royal Air Force. There was a time when the Germans imagined that in Czechoslovakia the Skoda works would always be safe from severe air attack. They were Soon Hitler will be able to hide nothing from British bombers. Week by week the bombing offensive will grow in strength, and Hitler's power to resist it and maintain war production will decrease. The Royal Air Force did not visit the Skoda works until Sir Arthur Harris was reasonably certain that the great Krupps works at Essen had been smashed. The Skoda works are next in importance in war output to Krupps. There is a clear pattern in British bombing for which Sir Arthur Harris deserves all the credit. His object is to paralyse German production, and those who at one time doubted his faith, but not his determination, have revised their opinion. In his way, Sir Arthur is another Montgomery. He knows what he wants and sets about achieving it with courage and infectious confidence. Hitler must hate Sir Arthur Harris for having turned on him the very weapon—the bomb—by which he believed he would terrorise Europe into submission.

Boasting

In the early days of the war, when Hitler was preparing to pounce on France, he jeered at the Maginot-mindedness of the French. He boasted that the Maginot Line would never stop the German army. Few people believed him, least of all the French. The French people thought they were safe behind the Maginot Line. They were wrong. Afterwards the very existence of the Maginot Line was declared to have led to the collapse of France. It had given them a defence complex. This is the very complex which Hitler's propagandists are now trying to inculcate in the German people.

They are telling them that they can feel safe behind the Atlantic Wall. This will be strong and secure against any attempted invasion. Clearly this is nothing more than a propaganda policy, for Hitler cannot have forgotten the lesson of France. Nor is he given an opportunity to forget the failure of the Luftwaffe to hold the skies above Germany. Of what use is the strongest steel-walled fort if it has no steel roof? But it is necessary for Hitler to fool the German people to fight on as long as he can.

Leakage

Are the German people being fooled? Into Switzerland and Sweden flow reports about the state of affairs in Germany. The German people are bearing up bravely against British bombing. They are holding on grimly, and they don't want anybody to think that they can't take it as well as the British. All the same, German travellers in neutral countries are more pessimistic than they have ever been. They admit quite openly that they do not expect Germany to win the war, but they do believe that Hitler may be able to wangle an easy peace for them. They still have this faith in Hitler. They don't dwell too much on his failure in Russia. These are interesting facts which show that though the Germans have lost some of their confidence, they have not lost hope.

### Beware

HITLER knows the German people better than any previous leader in their history. He knows the aspirations of the common man, and there are indications that he is preparing an attempt to gratify the hopes of the Germans at this moment. Baulked of military success in Russia, facing imminent military defeat in North Africa, he is turning to the game he knows best-politics. The beginnings of a Hitler peace offensive are apparent. He has appointed von Weizaecker as Ambassador to the Vatican, sent Hans Dieckhoff, formerly



Vice-Chief of the Air Staff Air Marshal Sir Douglas Evill was recently appointed Vice Chief of the Air Staff succeeding Air Vice-Marshal Medhurs and became an additional member of the Air Council. He was previously head of the R.A.F. Delegation in Washington

Ambassador in Washington, to Madrid, and has made Dr. Friedrick Gaus, head of the Legal Department of the German Foreign Office, Ambassador-at-Large for unspecified duties. Obviously these are important and carefully planned changes. Von Weizaecker played his part behind the scenes at Munich He is a devout Catholic and has publicly denied Nazi persecution of the Church in Germany. Not only that, he is related to Ribbentrop by marriage. At the Vatican he will join Count Ciano, the former Italian Foreign Secretary.

### Mediation

SIMULTANEOUSLY Count Jordana has pro claimed, in his capacity as Spain's Foreign Minister, his country's desire to act as mediator in bringing peace to Europe. This is a laudable ambition on the part of Count Jordana, the Spanish Government and whoever was







Spectators at the London Film Premiere of "Air Force"

Lieutenant-General and Mrs. E. K. Smart were at the premiere. He was head of the Australian Military Mission in Washington until last autumn, when he arrived in London to take up a similar position here

Air Marshal Sir John Babington, A.O.C. in C. Technical Training Command, and Air Vice-Marshal L. D. D. McKean came to see the film, which tells the story of a Boeing 17 bomber and its crew

Air Vice-Marshal H. N. Rigby, Air Member for Personnel, R.A.A.F., and Air Marshal J. C. Slessor met in the foyer. Air Marshal Slessor succeeded Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté as A.O.C. in C. Coastal Command



The Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief The Princess Royal recently visited and inspected a battalion of the Lowland Regiment, which was raised in 1942 by the transfer of a battalion of The Royal Scots, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief. With her above are Colonel J. H. MacKenzie, and the C.O. and founder of the Lowland Regiment, and Miss Kenyon-Slaney, Lady-in-Waiting



Lord Trenchard with the American Air Force Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Trenchard recently visited a number of American airfields in England with General Ira C. Eaker, Commanding General 8th U.S. Air Force. In front: Lord Trenchard, General Eaker, Brigadier-General Newton Longfellow. Behind: Colonel Edward W. Anderson, Brigadier-General Frank O. D. Hunter and Captain Nixon

responsible for the proposal. The Germans was ally welcomed Count Jordana's offer. They said that it came as a surprise to them. This may be true. Spain's position is very unhappy, for here is constant pressure on them from Gernany, and at the same time there is the dat er of losing the goodwill of Britain and Inited States. Therefore Count Jordana's offer to mediate may be another way of saying Spain really wishes to be neutral. Certain / Count Jordana is no extremist friend of the Axis. He is a moderate in Spanish politics with a sense of responsibility and more balance than General Franco and his Falangists.

### Surrender

WHETHER the Spanish offer was made with the connivance of Germany or not, the policy of Britain and the United States is crystal clear and was reaffirmed when Mr. Anthony Eden was in Washington recently. There can be no parley with any of the Axis Powers. Their surrender must be unconditional and complete. After their surrender there must be total disarmament of all the Axis Powers. Germany must not be left with the means to start another war. Apparently President Roosevelt and Mr. Cordell Hull are as determined on this as are members of the British Government. This information is heartening and reassuring.

LORD CRANBORNE has given us a picture of the future as seen by the British Government. After the war we shall urge the creation of a new League of Nations which will be so planned as to avoid the mistakes of the old League. Germany, Italy and Japan will be excluded until they had shown by deeds, not merely by words, that they were worthy of inclusion. First they would be disarmed, said Lord Cranborne, and the war criminals in each country brought to justice. Over-whelming armed force would be needed by the new League to assert authority over any future would-be peace breakers. Lord Cranborne was a fitting spokesman in the House of Lords on this occasion. Like his uncle, Lord Robert Cecil, he was an ardent supporter of the League of Nations. He also opposed the policy of appeasement and resigned from the late Mr. Chamberlain's Government on this issue. In his speech he showed that the Government have given much attention to shaping the future and a major declaration by him was to the effect that Britain will never again turn its back on Europe.

### Courage

THOSE who look into the future and ponder on the problems which lie ahead, must sometimes feel appalled at the prospects. Hitler has certainly produced chaos as we imagined he would if he failed to get his own way. So many nations will have to be restored, some will have to be reborn. Old quarrels have been revived and these will have to be settled. All this will demand vision and statesmanship as well as unselfishness, not only in men, but in nations. In this country we are fortunate in having such men as Mr. Anthony Eden and Lord Cranborne.

### Common Sense

To maintain British influence in the world, and to justify leadership by our experience, political unity is essential. This is why Mr. Churchill's refusal to contemplate any relaxation of the conditions of the existing political truce, on which his Government is based, was wise. There are some, and I agree with them, who would like to see foreign policy removed from the lists of normal political controversy. In the days before this war we had the Peace Ballot and the cries of disarmers and those who wanted collective security. The Labour Party were voting against the Service estimates, and like ostriches buried their heads in face of Hitler's thinly veiled intentions. If we are to have a strong League of Nations, all the members must be individually strong as well. We must approach the framing of this new League in a practical manner, with common sense and not party politics as the foundation.

### Freedom

In the Labour Party there are not a few who recognise the responsibilities of the future. They also recognise the fate of the Labour

Party if it refuses to co-operate in shouldering national responsibilities with other parties. On the other hand there are politicians in the Labour Party who see no danger to themselves and the party in isolation. They want the party leaders to agree that as soon as hostilities are ended the Labour Party will withdraw from the Government and prepare to fight a general election with the hope of being returned to power, This is not practical, nor is it common sense. Mr. Herbert Morrison recognises the responsibilities of the future and the fate of the Labour Party if it withdraws. I am surprised, therefore, that he should say that if the Labour Party wants to commit suicide, he will commit suicide with it.



Lt.-General Sir W. G. Lindsell, K.C.B. In charge of Administration, Middle East since 1942, Lt.-Gen. Sir Wilfrid Gordon Lindsell recently received a K.C.B. He was Quartermaster-General to the B.E.F. in 1940 and previously in charge of Administration Southern Command

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The End of the Day

By James Agate

Some day I must read Cicero who, I am given to understand, wrote an essay in praise of old age. I should very much like to read that essay, considerable reflection on the subject having convinced me that there is nothing whatever to be said in favour of the sere and yellow. Who, like Whitman at seventy, wants to grow "Dull, parrot-like and old, with crack'd voice harping, screeching"? I swear that if I were given the choice of possessing at seventy a critical reputation greater than Hazlitt, Walkley and Montague put together, or of being an eighteen-year-old reporter with the mind of a gossip-writer catering for inquisitive film-fans—I hereby declare in all earnestness and sincerity that I would unhesitatingly plump for choice number two.

There is one class of people upon whom old age bears more hardly than on any other class. These are your actors and actresses who continue on the stage long after nature, propriety, and even their friends have hinted that it is time they should retire. Emile de Molènes, the biographer of Desclée, has a magnificent passage on the decay of the player:—

It seems that the artist never realises when the moment of disenchantment has arrived. In vain do theatrical managers paint and redecorate the actor who is now no better than a living corpse; worse than vain are their attempts to palm off on to the public a talent which no longer exists. Advertisement is useless, and the puff discreet as well as outrageous has lost its effect. The public now shows itself implacable. The generation which applauded the actor in his prime stays away, and the new generation receives the ex-favourite with boos and hisses, spurning the remnant of a former day whose wrinkled countenance, trembling voice and toothless smile evoke a repulsion which amounts to disgust.

Nor are the players the only sufferers, for the ridicule which overwhelms them envelops also their staunchest admirers. You take some young person to see a woman who, only a brief twenty years ago, was a great actress and a famous beauty. The curtain rises, and there is exposed an aged, wrinkled puppet meaning

and looking nothing. And the chit by your side is plainly asking herself "Is this the face that launched, etc., etc."? Or you take a schoolboy to see some once-great actor whose gestures might have been limned by Michael Angelo, and whose voice you remember as having reproduced the surge and swell of some cathedral organ. And what do you behold now? Only an old pantaloon with a sagging paunch and what Polonius calls "most weak hams." And you wonder—or do you?—at the schoolboy wishing he was looking at some "Western."

La Fin Du Jour (Studio One) which might be roughly translated The End of the Day is all about a Home for Retired Actors and Actresses. All these Bajazets and Polyeuctes, these Alcestes and Don Diègues, these Andromaches and Paulines, Célimènes and Angéliques—all have the heads and masks of actors and actresses. See one of the men pacing a boulevard and you would say to yourself "an old actor." The women also have that unmistakable actress-look about them; you would never mistake them for dressmakers, or courtesans, or even femmes du monde. Just actresses. Note, too, that these are bad actors and actresses—players who have borne the brunt of a great art with nothing to support them except their love and their loyalty. Figures in a dreamworld who in their heyday lived on and in their dreams. And now that the sun has set continue to subsist on the recollection of those dreams.

DUVIVIER'S beautiful film has a plot which I do not propose to relate because it is of no particular importance. Here the characters, not the play, are the thing. And this master, enormously helped by his actors, has drawn them all with unerring skill and accuracy. How well we know St. Clair (Louis Jouvet), that matinée idol of some forty years' standing, now in his sixties. Is his luxuriant hair dyed? We suspect it must be. Are his eyes a little strained? We feel he is beginning to need that monocle he has used with such dashing effect. Is his step a little less springy? Yes,

and one would hazard that his throat, were one allowed to see it, has become a little more stringy. Is he as jaunty as of old? Yes, pitifully so. And therein lies his tragedy.

There is a fine sensitive performance by Victor Francen of a sincere actor called Marny, the equivalent, one feels, of our own Herman Vezin, an actor whom everyone admired and nobody went to see. Cold, unimpassioned, perfect, Vezin could have met and defeated any argument advanced against his acting, while the critics were unanimous in making a case for it. The only difficulty was that when Vezin was the star no one seemed to want to visit that particular theatre. Duvivier alleges some private emotional sequence as the explanation of Marny's failure. But we know better. Marny was just another correct unsuccessful player.

In the centre of the picture is Cabrissade, grandly played by Michel Simon. Here is that well-known phenomenon, the man who off the stage is an artist to his finger-tips, What fire! What fougue! What temperament and what verve! What a finished and consummate comedian! And all who know Cabrissade know also what happens when he performs on the stage. Which is just nothing. For the man can't act. And therein lies his tragedy. Now note that it is these failures—Duvivier stresses this—who are most in love with their calling. The stage is their world, and without it they do not exist. They spend their lives rehearsing for the success they are never to have, and when they retire spend their last years telling lies about the triumphs which were never theirs. Of such is Cabrissade, a buffoon with the mind of a monkey but, alas, without the monkey's power of mimicry. But he has the heart of a child, and it is this which is remembered in the speech over his grave. "No," says the failure Marny, "No, my good friend Cabrissade, I will not, in this funeral oration which you penned yourself, proclaim you to have been a man of talent. You never possessed a shred of talent. But you loved the theatre and it is for that that we love you."

And this exquisite film ends with the mourners standing round the poor player's coffin. Yes, this would have been a perfect picture if Duvivier had refrained from that dreadful boy-scout episode to which I referencely as a proof of critical integrity. I am afraid I did not stay for George and Margaret, whose opening sequence promised something quite hysterically English.







A Few Members of the Distinguished Audience that Came to See the First Presentation in this Country of "The Story of Stalingrad"

Admiral Sir Martin DunbarNasmith, V.C., and Lady Dunbar-Nasmith

D.F.C., and Mrs. Bufton

Organization in this Country of "The Story of Stalingrad"

Air Commodore Bufton,
D.F.C., and Mrs. Bufton

Open Captain and the Hon. Mrs.
Rose, Mrs. Keith and S/Ldr. Clark



Stalingrad Burns: The city in flames as seen from the opposite banks of the Volga



London Burns: Just one of the many dockside fires in the burning days of September, 1940



Stalingrad Fire-fight: A Russian fireman searches for human life in a blazing building



London Fire-fight: Members of the N.F.S. seek to force their way through blazing tenements

The Story of Stalingrad was produced by the Stalin prizewinner Varlanov. It shows almost every important episode from the first air raid on August 23 until the final surrender of Paulus. The film is now at the Plaza Theatre, but will shortly be generally released by Paramount

### Flames of Two Cities

The Real Thing in the Russian Epic, "The Story of Stalingrad": London's Blitz Realistically Reconstructed in "The Bells Go Down"

The Bells Go Down is a fictional film of the fires over London. Tommy Trinder stars as the exkennelman who dies in a fruitless attempt to save another fireman's life. The film is produced by Michael Balcon with the co-operation of the N.F.S., and directed by Basil Dearden





TOMMY TRIN

LEBEL
DO V

MAS

At the Premiere of "The Bells Go Down" in Aid of the London Fire Service Benevolent Fund

The Duchess of Marlborough (centre), with Mr. E. T. Carr (Managing Director, United Artists) and Mrs. Carr Commander A. N. G. Firebrace with Mr. Ernest Brown and a friend

Mr. Herbert Morrison and Tommy Trinder

# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Love for Love (Phænix)

THIS famous comedy was first performed over two hundred and fifty years ago, when Congreve was twenty-six. It has always been his most popular play, and has often been revived. Handsome is, they say, as handsome does, and the present revival by Mr. John Gielgud does not lack splendour. The reception at the Phœnix Theatre could hardly have been more enthusiastic. I wonder what the fastidious author would have made of it all? He would have been struck by the contrast between his own and this brilliantly lighted stage, though whether favourably or not, who can say? He would surely have been gratified by our laughter, though perhaps occasionally nettled by its want of discrimination. He would doubtless have recognised the characters on the stage, for they are dressed with expert care; though he might have been puzzled by their accents, which range from Irish to modern West End. Moreover, a tendency on the part of some of the players to stress their lines at the expense of the play's stylish context might have worried him till, recalling his own and his actors' first-night



Valentine bids farewell to Angelica (John Gielgud and Rosalie Crutchley)

qualms, he made allowances for the strains and stresses of such an occasion.

We had our own allowances to make. The production of such a play in these distracted, self-centred days, can be no joke, but must be rather like making bricks with nothing but straw. The old-comedy tradition has lapsed, and few actors are experienced in its technique. Audiences, too, are tyros. Their enjoyment of such fare depends no less on what they are able to receive, than on what such plays offer them. Even in his own day, as the failure of The Way of the World, his last and most brilliant play reminds us, the public taste was fickle.

Congreve's theme is tortuous rather than exalted, its action by no means irresistibly exciting. His characters are always masterly in drawing, his style incomparable; but his handling of a plot is apt to be so apparently unsystematic that even professional detectives might be left guessing. Such plays, in short, are neither production-proof nor actor-proof;



The advances of the gay Miss Prue (Angela Baddeley) are scorned by Tattle (Leslie Banks)

nor are they, indeed, audience-proof. Playgoers today will hear in this exquisite prose only what they are eager and able to listen to; and purposeful attention, in the modern theatre, has become something of a lost art. The films and other flattering commodities have seen to that.

Love for Love, then, makes its own terms. Congreve's prose (unlike the crow's flight) does not take the shortest cut between two points. Rather is it a play upon words, the stylish music of which is almost an end in itself. To ears that are deaf to its music, the dramatic import may seem discouragingly tenuous. Mere emphasis of statement does not help. The most successful actors are those whose art is accomplished enough to conceal itself while reflecting the author's style; and for one playgoer who will relish such true, harmonious art, a dozen will overlook it in favour of the plugged joke, the underlined phrase, the mimetic extravagance, that strike nearer home.

At the first-night view this difficulty had not been overcome. The paint on this glittering reconstruction had yet to dry, its tones and colours to be harmonised. As the play proceeded, the laughter that greeted each double-entente or plain unvarnished statement sounded over-hearty, as if it were the release of pent-up



Sir Samson Legand (Cecil Trouncer) does not hesitate to speak his mind. With Foresight (Miles Malleson), however, he is not allowed all his own way

anticipation, rather than true tribute to the wit expressed or the decorum defied. Its heartiness was disproportionate to the cue, and threatened to place the context in jeopardy.

The fault, however, was not entirely with the audience; for the performances had not all a similar excellence. My own preferences were for three first-rate achievements. Mr. Gielgud rose steadily to Valentine's equivocal tasks, and, in the scene of his assumed madness, gave a brilliant display of burlesque bravura that truly and deservedly delighted. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's beautifully modulated acting was unselfishly devoted to Scandal in a performance that even Congreve might have approved. Miss Angela Baddeley's Miss Prue was an intrepidly delightful hoyden.

There were, too, other proper candidates for compliments. As Mrs. Frail, Miss Yvonne Arnaud's personal charm triumphed over some personal disabilities. Miss Rosalie Crutchley's Angelica was nicely cool and collected. There was no mildew on Mr. Leslie Banks's Tattle; Mr. Cecil Trouncer's Sir Samson had the vocal and deportmental courage of his histrionic convictions, and Mr. Miles Malleson's Foresight its own eccentricity.

All things considered, this thoughtful production is probably as near to a Happy Restoration as this generation may hope, or possibly care, to come. It certainly gives great pleasure. The settings (a little post-dated?) by Mr. Rex Whistler are formidably handsome, and Miss Jeanetta Cochrane's admirable costumes have the authentic cut.





Tunbridge-Sedgwick

### "The Quest"—A Ballet From Spenser

St. George Saves Una from a Saracen Knight The Quest is the latest production of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and had its first performance at the New Theatre a fortnight ago, in aid of Lady Cripps's Aid to China Fund. It has choreography by Frederick Ashton, music by William Walton, and decor by John Piper, and the theme was adapted from Spenser's "Faerie Queene" by Doris Langley-Moore. A full pictorial record of this five-scene ballet will appear in the next two weeks' issues; here St. George (Robert Helpmann) discovers Una (Margot Fonteyn) in the hands of Sansloy (Alexis Rassine), one of the three Saracen Knights whom St. George has to fight and destroy before he sets out on his quest. The Sadler's Wells Ballet are in London until the end of this week, when they go off to Liverpool and Blackpool for a month, returning to the New Theatre towards the end of May

# On and Off Duty

### A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Easter in the Country

THE King and Queen have been spending a very quiet Easter holiday in the country with the Princesses, and the King has found relaxation from his duties of State in attending to the progress of the Royal farm lands, every available acre of which is now under intensive cultivation. Visits to a now under intensive cultivation. number of military units in the neighbourhood have been included in His Majesty's Easter programme, and though these are, strictly, official visits, and certainly do not fall within the category of a holiday, the King is so interested in Army matters—and so glad to take advantage of any opportunity which brings

the parade ground. Princess Elizabeth has made a close study of the history of all the Guards Regiments, under the guidance of her father, who is something of an authority on the Brigade, and she is taking a great deal of interest in the wartime activities of her own Grenadiers. In London

her permission before he marched his men off

As a pre-birthday and pre-Easter celebration, the Queen took Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret out two days running in the West End just before the holiday; first, to hear the Sitwells and a number of other moderns read some of their own verses in aid of the French in Great Britain Fund, and the next day, to see *Quiet Week-end* at Wyndham's Theatre—the first time, I believe, that the two Princesses have seen straight comedy in the West End.

At the Poetry Reading at the Æolian Hall,

the Royal party were received by Lady Crewe and Mr. Osbert Sitwell, and sat in the front row, where they were joined by Miss Edith Sitwell, the Poet Laureate, Mr. Gordon Bottomley, Mr. Walter de la Mare and Miss Victoria Sackville-West, all of whom read extracts from their works. The veteran Sir Ian Hamilton was also in the audience. Mrs. Denys Trefusis was later joined by her mother, the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, and I also saw Lady Cran-borne, who arrived with tall Lady Eldon. The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin was supposed to be selling programmes, but instead handed over her task to her nineteen-year-old daughter, Caroline, who thus made her first appearance in the role of programme seller.



The Chinese Fair at Grosvenor House, in aid of Lady Cripps's Aid to China Fund, was a discreetly-lit occasion of stalls and raffles, remote from the swings and roundabouts which can also be grouped under the name of Fair. The Hon. Lady Egerton, chairman of the Ladies' Committee, introduced her sister-in-law, the Hon. Lady Cripps, to the microphone, and she made a few appropriate remarks before



Poole, Dublin Mother and Daughter

Althea Urquhart, seen here with her mother, was recently christened, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart. Her father, a well-known amateur rider, has bought Athgarvan Racing Establishment, the Curragh, where he will train

declaring the Fair open. Lady Dashwood, very smart, was in command of the first stall as you came in; other stallholders were Lady Evans (wearing her national Norwegian dress), Lady Teviot, Madame Phang, of the Chinese Embassy, and her lovely daughter, Mrs. Lee Lady Dalrymple-Champneys (vice-chairman) Mrs. David Motion (hatless, with her hair becomingly parted in the middle) and Madame Marcel Poncin—known to so many people as Vera, and whose husband had painted the head of a Chinaman, which was on sale at her stall and attracting much admiration.

Among the crowd that thronged the stalls, Dame Irene Vanbrugh was noticeable; also the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, who had to leave rather early to get back to her farm to feed the chickens. Rare exotics, like eggs, were being sold at five guineas a dozen, and there were many beguiling articles hand-made by clever people to be had—at a price.

There was a cabaret after fea. when the

There was a cabaret after tea, when the



### A Recent Engagement

The engagement is announced of Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, to Lt. Edwin F. Russell, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius T. Russell, of Beverly Hills, California

him into contact with officers and men of the Forces—that they do rank as enjoyable occasions for him.

### Colonel's Inspection

The anniversary of Hazebrouck Day is a day of imperishable memory in the annals of the Grenadier Guards, and of the Fourth Battalion in particular. This year, it gave H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth the opportunity of carrying out her first public duty entirely alone and without the support of her parents. She came through the ordeal—and it certainly must have been an ordeal for one so young—with flying colours. When all the officers and a number of prominent local civilian residents, as well as the local police superintendent, were presented, she had a handshake and words of greeting for each. Even a two-feet "close-up" by one of the cameramen present did not dis-turb her calm. Over lunch, in the officers' mess, the young Royal colonel spoke of her earliest memories of the Guards at Windsor Castle, where, as a little girl, she used to delight in giving surreptitious commands to the band, and always insisted on the officer commanding asking



Four Sisters in Uniform

Janet, Mary, Bridget and Elizabeth Andreae, all members of the V.A.D., are four of the seven daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andreae, of Tandridge Court, Oxted, Surrey. Another of their sisters, Philippa, who does not appear in this photograph, is in the W.R.N.S.



Lord Leathers at His Grandson's Christening

David Frederick James Leathers, second son of Capt. the Hon. Leslie Leathers, R.A., and Mrs. Leathers, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster. His grandparents, Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport, and Lady Leathers, were photographed after the ceremony with the baby and his parents, and his young brother, Michael



### New Books on the Way

The Duchess of Wellington is a woman of many parts, for she paints, composes and writes. Since the death of the Duke, she has also undertaken the management of the estates at Stratfield Saye, near Reading, where she spends most of her time. She says she finds outdoor life a solace, nature being so manysided, with no two days or even two hours alike. Now her latest venture is the writing of her memoirs. The Duchess thinks that there should be an account of the gay pageant of Edwardian days, so she is heading one chapter "Beautiful Women." She believes that women



Miss Patricia E. T. Dawson Harlip

The youngest daughter of Lt.-Cdr. Sir Hugh Dawson, Bt., R.N., and Lady Dawson, of Rede Hall, Burstow, Surrey, is engaged to Mr. Raymond Alexander Carnegie, Scots Guards, son of Commander the Hon. Alexander Carnegie, R.N., and Mrs. Carnegie



An Irish Christening in County Carlow

Major and Mrs. Rupert B. Lecky's son and heir was christened Jasper St. Clair at Aghade Parish Church. This picture, taken at Ballykealy after the ceremony, shows : Mrs. David Plunket (godmother), Mrs. F. S. Reid, Miss Renelope Lecky, Mrs. Rupert Lecky with the baby, Mrs. Robin Lecky (grandmother) and Mrs. F. B. Barton

are not so beautiful now as they used to be -they certainly have not the grand settings of

horses and carriages, and so forth.

Another writer is Lady Joan Verney, who has a new book called Restless Heritage coming out at any moment—"unless the binders hold it up." Lady Joan is becoming very literary. It seems a family gift, for her sister, Lady Sybil Lubbock, has also written several successful books. Lady Joan does not confine her activities to writing, however. She is a clever needlewoman, and works hard for our wounded prisoners of war in connection with the Embroiderers' Guild. When she is arranging particularly elaborate stitches, she puts in a scrap of canvas to show how it is to be worked. Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney are now living near Woking, where they have taken Hamburgh, Grange Road. There she would welcome any quantity, even very small, of wool, embroidery cotton and canvas.

### Visitors

L ADY ELIZABETH VON HOFMANSTHAL'S many friends will be glad to know that at long last she is back from the States. Her parents, Lord and Lady Anglesey, gave a little celebration party for her in London recently, at which I met her sister, Lady Caroline Paget, and her brother, Lord Uxbridge. Lady Elizabeth's baby daughter is staying at the parental home, Plas Newydd, where her sister, Lady Kitty Gurney, recently had her baby girl. The house is built in a beautiful spot, right on the Menai Straits, which divide Anglesey from the mainland.

Lord Castlereagh has been seen in London, too, though he is shortly going into a nursing home to have an operation similar to the one his father, Lord Londonderry, underwent so successfully a short time back. Lord Castlereagh is in the Anti-Aircraft, but has recently had leave for his political work. West End Farm, the place where his late sister, Lady Maureen Stanley, worked so hard and which was so dear to her, is being kept on by Colonel Oliver Stanley, who is carrying out his wife's arrangements as far as possible. Their son, Michael, is in the Middle East and their daughter, Catherine, has joined the W.R.N.S.

### Reception .

The reception given at the Nepalese Legation in "Millionaires' Row," that is, Kensington Palace Gardens, was very crowded, and the Minister was, as usual, a charming host. Lady guests were able to pay their respects to the Minister's beautiful wife and daughter, who held a little reception of their own in her Royal

Highness the Princess's apartments upstairs, where they were regaled with liqueur chocolates! The Rajkumari is the Minister's and the Princess's youngest daughter, and she has been taught English and French by Mrs. Power, who says she is a brilliant pupil. Mrs. Power, wearing a lovely sari given her by the Senior Princess, introduced the lady visitors, for the Princess does not speak English.

Meanwhile, the many friends of Nepal

crowded the fine reception rooms, which have such lovely views on to the Kensington Gardens at the back of the house. Diplomacy was well Diplomacy was well represented, and I saw the Turkish and Afghan Chefs de Mission talking in a corner with Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, while in one of the other drawing-rooms there were the Netherlands Ambassador and his tall and elegant wife, the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife, and the Egyptian and Greek Ambassadors, who were warmly greeted by Sir John Monck.

(Concluded on page 120)



A.T.S. Dogs in Ireland

Jun./Cdr. Rosemary Brooke, photographed with her dogs at an A.T.S. station in Northern Ireland, is the only daughter of Gen. Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Dogs are Marcus and Margo, puppies: Minna, Marigold and Murphy



The hostess, Florence Desmond, introduces to her guests the latest addition to the family, Hi-de-hi, a pure white calf, just a week old when this photograph was taken



Chesney Allen is given a ride home at the end of the day's work. Leading him are his partners in comedy, Eddie Gray and Bud Flanagan



The homestead is a black-and-white building. At the door with Florence Desmond is Michael, her adopted son

# Down on the Farm

Stars of the New Flanagan and Allen Show Spend a Day in the Country

The new Flanagan and Allen show is due in London some time in May. It is to be called Hi-de-hi--a title inspired by a recent question in the House of Commons when a battalion at one time commanded by Lt.-Col. Gates was referred to by a Member as the "Flanagan and Allen" battalion. The show started a preliminary run at Oxford on April 19th. With Flanagan and Allen in the cast are "Monsewer." Eddie Gray and Florence Desmond, and these photographs of the four stars were taken recently when they spent a day "off" from rehearsals down on Florence Desmond's farm at Pollards Cross, Nr. Saffron Walden. In the new show, Florence Desmond is adding historical impersonations to her already well-known theatrical and film impressions. Wearing the dress worn by Anna Neagle in the film Queen Victoria, she will deliver the address given by Queen Victoria at Balmoral Castle in 1877 on the occasion of Her Majesty being proclaimed Empress of India. By contrast, she will also do an impression of the late Marie Lloyd, for which Marie's two sisters, Alice and Rosie, are lending one of the artist's famous shawls

Photographs by Swaebe



Greatly daring, Bud approaches the cows' stronghold. Warning words come from Eddie Gray, while Chesney, from a safe seat, eggs him on



Flo is not the only one who can do impersonations. Eddie Gray in his act as a scarecrow delighted Michael



Eddie is something of a juggler, too-though he has Michael standing by just in case a stone is dropped



"I do like an egg for my tea." Bud's patient search in the henhouse is rewarded



This is something of a puzzle picture. Behind Eddie, you may be able to pick out a cow. But it is Bud who is up to mischief, not the cow. That wicked smile of his foretells a shock for Eddie who, a moment later, was on the ground following a flank attack, which unseated him a little hurriedly



The cow looks suspicious. Nevertheless, Bud really can milk a cow and although his outfit isn't exactly orthodox it can't be denied that it has the Flanagan touch

# Standing By

# One Thing and Another By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ARING dazzling, wolfish teeth and clashing our barbaric gold earrings with a snarl, we note Slogger Bevin's recent threat to mobilise what remain of the roving gipsy tribes of Great Britain for "more intensive war-work."

Numbers of gipsies are in the Forces already, of course, and good soldiers they make, especially on night-patrol; likewise excellent Home Guards, knowing every bush and stick of the countryside for miles round by day and night, blindfold, also every henroost. But our feeling is that unless a nucleus or cadre of gipsies is left to carry on the old charm stuff we Romanies will lose our box-office appeal. This applies not so much to the Stanleys and Lovells of the New Forest, or the Brittons and Hollands of Devon and Somerset, or the Robertses and Taylors of the Welsh hills, as to the raggle-taggle Faas of Galloway, who magicked the heart of the Lady Cassilis—you remember?—all those years ago, so that she stole away by night from her lord and children and exchanged silken sheets and a goosefeather bed for the rushes and the rain. Six months under a factory roof and the magic call of the Faas would sound like somebody trying to sell Lady Cassilis a vacuum-cleaner, we

The old folksong, incidentally, does not record Lord Cassilis's comments, for which reason, whenever we sing it in our haunting tenor with a fey and leery look, we add an extra verse:

Her lord he cried "Well, I'll be damned!"

And grew quite vexed and hot, too, And then he swore to get her back, But later he forgot to.

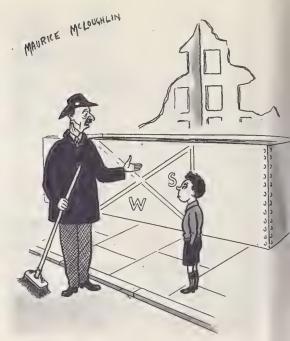
This verse has been rejected by the official folksong boys five times.

### Footnote

DEMIND us incidentally to tell X you some time of an amusing incident in a Budapest nightrestaurant where we were a terribly temperamental solo fiddler in a tzigane orchestra and bit a Knightsbridge dowager's hand off. Tennyson's lines on the same subject are well known:

Flashing teeth and flaming eyes-Was that fiddler a surprise Mumsie, when her hand he kissed, Found it severed from the wrist! Though she did not make a fuss Though she did not make a russ
Everybody stared at us!
"Please," said Mumsie, "tell the band
It has made me lose my hand,"
And the management said "Gipsy,
Get a load of this—you 're shwipsy."
Then, with hauteur on her face,
Mumsie rose and left the place.

This little piece is called "A Lesson in Poise, or, Impossible People."



"Why, I can remember when the streets of London were paved with orange peel"

### Offering

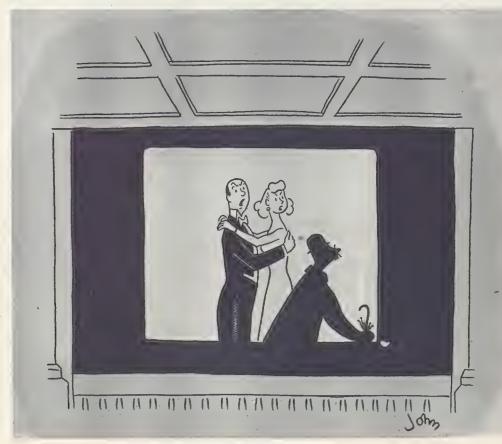
Without prejudice (as the lawyers say when they hand you a stinker) to the fighting and other qualities of our admirable Chinese allies, we doubt whether the West End theatre public has had a long enough rest from its last Chinese play to stand up to another just yet, as recently suggested; charming as the last one certainly was.

We're thinking especially of that traditional comic incident of the General clambering elaborately on an imaginary horse, which to us was as full of enjoyable zing as it was 30 centuries ago. Judging by the glassy bemused look in those round blue eyes, however, a lot of the audience took this joke hard and are maybe still arguing about it (" yes, but Auntie darling it wasn't a real horse!"). So we don't know how they 'd get on with such a play for example, as Ho Hum's Farewell to Old Auspicious Fish, by Fah Too Long (B.C. 8978), in which the wicked military man Hi Flung Pan comes on at curtain-rise and explains in the excellent Chinese manner (would to Heaven Western playwrights would adopt it!) what his line of country is:

Hi Flung Pan: My name is Hi Flung Pan and I am generalissimo of the forces of Who Pee. My intention is to abduct the beautiful and virtuous Ping Pong and to treat her aged parents with abominable cruelty. Meanwhile, having mounted my imaginary horse, I will dismount with exquisite subtlety and proceed to get that hypothetical animal with odious to eat that hypothetical animal with odious

### Imbroglio

This un-English procedure is interrupted by an official of Our Imaginary Dumb Chums' League, Peking, who scratches his left ear four times with his fan, meaning (a) "Oh! Oh! Strange business!", (b) I am riding in an imaginary second-hand palanquin and the forward-off-pole coolie is crosseyed," (c) "I cannot wholly approve of your eating your imaginary horse, which once bit the trousers off the non-existent aunt of the crystal-button mandarin Ho Gi Hon," and (d) "If this arch imbroglio doesn't tie up the saps in front sufficiently what about getting down and kicking them in the nose?" The General then chases (Concluded on page 110)



" Sit down!"



A Yorkshire Housewife Demonstrates

Lady Cranborne went with Lord and Lady Woolton to visit Mrs. Burnett, of Parnaby Terrace, Leeds, "the housewife of the week," who was busy cooking at the Ministry of Food. Mrs. Burnett, the wife of an aircraft fitter, is a W.V.S. worker and has four children

# Cooking and Collecting



At the Norwegian stall were Lady Evans, the Norwegian wife of Admiral Sir Edward Evans, and Mrs. E. E. Henderson



Dame Irene Vanbrugh's portrait was shown to her by the artist, Miss Flora Lion, at the Aid to China Fair



Collecting for the Merchant Seamen

Sellers at a stall in a London hotel on the recent flag-day held in aid of merchant seamen were Mrs. George Calvocorezzi, Lady Crosfield, Miss Athena Tsouderos, daughter of the Greek Prime Minister, and Princess Alexandra of Greece



Dr. Chang, Lady Cripps and Lady Dashwood

The fair and gift sale in aid of the United Aid to China Fund, held recently in London, was opened by the Hon. Lady Cripps, wife of the Lord Privy Seal. There were stalls representing America, Australia, Belgium, South Africa, New Zealand and Norway, and a cabaret in which several well-known stage stars took part



Selling at the Chinese stall, Mme. Chang and Lady Dalrymple Champneys had Mrs. W. G. Corfield as a customer

Standing By ... (Continued)

him offstage with an imaginary flywhisk, the play proceeds; and we'd like to see the dumb anguish of the average West End audience trying to digest this basinful of old-time Oriental whimsy.

### Check

SERIOUS citizen having written to A The Times saying "gallons of ink" could be saved by omitting the "Messrs." on business envelopes, another serious citizen wrote next day proving by algebra that to save one single gallon of ink the word "Messrs." would have to be omitted 8,987,765,463 times, or some such astronomic figure. Which shows that before startling Auntie with such things citizens should think twice.

Reassured about this false economy, we shall stick to the old-world courtesies we commonly use in business correspondence, ending (for example) every letter to the Inland Revenue with the graceful old Spanish formula "Q.B.S.M."—" who kisses your hands" (que besa sus manos). This formula goes over big with the income-tax boys and softens them notably. It was used to good effect, also, by a rather eminent chap we know who many years had trouble with a notorious piratical publisher in New York and wrote him precisely the same letter three times,

". . . . and therefore, since you appear to be nothing more than a common thief, I propose taking the Aquitania from Southampton on the 18th of April next, and calling on you on or about the 25th, at 11 a.m., with a thick rattan cane, with which I shall beat you till you are numb and dazed.

Yours very sincerely,

This brought, after the third repetition, profuse apologies and reparation, which shows that the old Castilian politeness is never lost, even on publishers.

### Sequel

GOSSIP having recalled, apropos Wren's noble projects for the rebuilding of the City after the Great Fire (which were foiled by the loathsome avarice of the greasy cits and Big Business greed generally) that Wren's original model for the Cupola of the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital was quite recently discovered in the dome of the Museum, we remembered simultaneously a little thoughtful clerihew we made up at the time. You have not for-gotten Wren's habit when engaged on St. Paul's of dodging out to dine with some men? Our posy reveals the great architect in less strenuous but equally evasive moments:

While working at Greenwich, Wren would often slip out for (he said) a seenwich,

But very, very gently,

In order not to antagonise Mr. E. C. Bentley.

### Stooge

THOSE regular weekend floods of oratory from Ministers with which we are all so familiar are getting a trifle duller, if possible, we note. An old Parliamentary hand tells us the reason is that for economy reasons most of the\_professional stooges who used to accompany Ministers at weekends and help them to put their act over have been fired.

The office of the Whitehall stooge-if you remember the anxious days just preceding this war—was to "feed?" his Minister and play up his best lines for a cheer from the audience. One celebrated example, involving the very eve of war and a very large Minister who was later fired from the Cabinet and given something better, may still be fresh in your minds. His stooge took up the cheer-line immediately and proceeded to make it a duologue:

"You say war is un-

Yes, I say war is unlikely." "You stand there and you say war is unlikely?"
"Yes, sir. I stand right here

and I say war is unlikely."
"Well, that's fine. That's swell. Boys, I guess this is where we give a great big



"That dark man I've warned you against is now wearing a most attractive uniform"

little guy a great big hand!" .(Thunderou cheers and applause.)

Now and again (so this cynical old Parlia mentary devil assured us) a careless stoog forgot himself and automatically resume with the line: "And that reminds mewho was that lady I saw you with las night?" He was then fired at once and another stooge wired for from Central Office

### Pub

ARTHAGE, which lies just outside Tunis may or may not have been "a sort of Godforsaken nigger Manchester," as Kipling's Mr. King alleged to his cowed But there is no query, we take it about the village of Fondouk, west of Sousse, where there was bitter fighting the other day. "Fondouk" is the simple Moorish for "inn," an Orientalist assures

This argues either (a) a glamorous past for Fondouk, a large and notable inn, the wonder of the desert, with lashings of coffeecomplexioned thicklipped burning - eyed beauties leaning over the inner balconies to welcome sandy travellers at a modest fee, or more likely (b) typical poverty of imagination on the part of the ultimate aboriginals, who with native lack of invention, couldn't think of anything else.

Our theory is that fanaticism, teetotalism, and droning through the nose have made the Moors naturally savage, humourless and dull like the English Puritans, who distinguished themselves in the Sussex village of Waldron, among other places, by naming an unfortunate infant "Fly-Fornication Richard son," as the county records show. What they called him in later years when Charles II restored the national sense of humour is probably nobody's business. Poor Mr. F.-F. Richardson. Knowing the English rustic's idea of fun, we guess there came a time when the old Richardson fowling-piece was rarely on its rack over the kitchen fireplace.

" Viva Hudson-what-a to-day, please? Dig-a da ditches, milk-a da bulls or take-a da leetle wife to da peectures, yes?"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



### Four Families



The Hon. Mrs. Yarde-Buller and Roger

ne Hon. Mrs. Yarde-Buller was before her marriage Miss ndolen Roots. Her husband, the Hon. John Yardeler, is Lord Churston's only brother, and is at sent serving abroad with the Royal Sussex Regiment. s picture of Mrs. Yarde-Buller and her son, Roger, taken at their home at Heathfield, in Sussex



Marcus Adams

### Mrs. Brocas Burrows with Jennifer and Richard

The wife of Major-Gen. Brocas Burrows, D.S.O., M.C., late 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, was Miss Molly le Bas before her marriage in 1932. She is a well-known sculptress and has exhibited her work at the Royal Academy, the Paris Salon, and in New York and the Argentine. Her daughter is six years old and her son three years younger. Major-Gen. Burrows, a son of the late Sir Montagu Burrows, was Military Attaché in Rome from 1938 to 1940



Mrs. A. C. Critchley and Her Children

Compton Collies

In 1938 Miss Diana Fishwick, former English golf champion, married Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, C.M.G., D.S.O., as his third wife, and they have one daughter, and a son, born this year. Brig.-Gen. Critchley is Acting Air Commodore, R.A.F.V.R., engaged on special duties. He was at one time M.P. for Twickenham; in 1926 he organised greyhound racing in England and built and operated the first greyhound race-track in the country. Previous to their marriage, he and his wife played together in many golfing events, winning the de la Chaume Cup for mixed foursomes five years in succession



S/Ldr. and Mrs. John de Laszlo and Their Family

S/Ldr. John de Laszlo, R.A.F.V.R., is the youngest son of the late Mr. Philip de Laszlo, the famous artist. He married in 1939 Miss Peggie Cruise, daughter of Sir Richard Cruise, G.C.V.O., F.R.C.S., the well-known occulist, and their son, Martin Richard, was born in 1940, while their daughter, Henrietta, is four months old. S/Ldr. de Laszlo was a member of the Oxford University Air Squadron before joining the R.A.F.V.R.

Swaebe

In the Fir Cone Tavern, the friends of François Villon gather, awaiting his arrival. In the foreground are Huguette (Tessa Deane), the girl of the streets who ultimately sacrifices her life in order to save that of her vagabond poet. With her is Guy Taberie (Syd Walker), Villon's scallywag lieutenant. The whole setting of the play is old Paris in the reign of Louis XI.

# "The Vagabond King"

The Story of François Villon, Beloved Vagabond Poet of Fifteenth-Century France, is Revived at the Winter Garden



François Villon (Webster Booth) is Grand Marshal of France—for a day. To-morrow the gallows loom ahead, but for the vagabond poet, to-day is sufficient. "We're a lucky pair of scoundrels, you and I," he says laughingly to the ironical Louis (Henry Baynton)



The eccentric Louis XI. hears of the vagabond who so loudly protests in the Fir Cone Tavern, notorious meeting-place of the ruffians of Paris, what he would do "if he were king." Disguised, he visits the tavern and, in spite of himself, is impressed by the young man's fervour. François and his friends are anti-Royalist, and their revolutionary Song of the Vagabonds" sends a shiver of apprehension down the monarch's spine



Louis XI. has decided that, following must die. His murderous attak at be overlooked. Villon has accepted morrow. Lady Katherine, to the other face gives no sign as, with land



Viller's day of power has passed. The noose is round his neck. He will be world only if someone is found to take his place on the scaffold. It is hady Katherine who steps forward and offers herself in place of the man, who, only the day before, has saved France from the Burgundians

Vagabond King, a play with music by Rudolph Friml, is for ided on Justin McCarthy's romantic drama If I Were King, and Is the story of an episode in the career of François Villon, make of ballads, picker of pockets, lover of women and leader of the whole was born in 1431 and disappeared at the early age of the First presented at the Winter Garden Theatre in 1927, The season King ran for 500 performances. Mr. Tom Arnold has seen its original home for this revival, and with Maxwell William Special Maxwell who directed the dialogue) and Robert Nesbitt (who devised and special production) has staged a most lavish and special production. Anne Ziegler has her first starring role as Lady Katherine de Vaucelles. With her is Webster Bouth as François Villon, Syd Walker as Guy Taberie, Tessa Deane as Huguette, and Henry Baynton as the eccentric King Louis XI.

Photographs by John Vickers



day of power as Grand Marshal of France, Villon ibaut d'Aussigny, one of the King's men, cannot terms and is prepared to go to the gallows on the nation of Louis, is by now in love with Villon. ary (Sara Gregory) she listens to the King's words



In the guise of Grand Marshal of France, Villon makes love to the beautiful Lady Katherine (Anne Ziegler). It is Louis who tells her that the handsome Marshal is none other than the scoundrel Villon, the vagabond of the Fir Cone Tavern, who presumed to write love ballads about her and bandy her name with his rascally companions



The Burgundians are clamouring at the gates of Paris. Leaving the Palace, Villon goes down to the Fir Cone Tavern to rouse his companions to arms. Once again the stirring "Song of the Vagabonds" echoes round the walls of the tavern. Men and women surge round Villon and, still singing, he leads them to the walls of Paris, a motley army of vagabonds, but nevertheless more than a match for the attacking Burgundians



# New Zealand Fighters

By Olive Snell-

These young men are all members of the first New Zealand Fighter Squadron, formed in this country in 1941, which has taken part in innumerable sweeps and low-level sorties against ground targets on the Continent

Aove are Sgt. Hugh Tucker. "Tuck" to his friends, from Palmerston, formerly a G.P.O. worker; Sgt. G. H. "Bluey" Meagler, who comes from Greymouth, West Coast, and was engaged in motor transport; and F/O. Ian "Tusker" McNeil, a native of Teretiki, pre-war farmer, horse-breeder and trainer



F/O. J. M. "Jarge" Moorhead was a farmer in Ashburton, and P/O. Murray "Killer" Metcalf born in Mornington, Wellington, who joined the R.A.F. straight from school, is reputed to be about nineteen

Left: "Gasman," F/O.
Peter Gaskin, from Takapura, was a draughtsman, designing for the Steel Construction Co.; below, F/O.
M. "Mac" Sutherland is from Otago; Sgt. M.
McQ. "Chalky" White, from Gore, was a farmer and one of the foremost sheepshearing experts in both Australia and New Zealand; and Sgt. E. L. "Johnnie" Houlton saw active service in Malta last year



Above, top row: F/Lt. L. S. Black, from Levin, was instructor in New Zealand before coming overseas; F/O. I. L. P. Maskill, from Invergill, trained in New Zealand and Canada; and F/Lt. R. W. Baker, D.F.C., a Dunedin man, joined the R.A.F. in 1941. Middle row: F/Lt. J. G. Pattison, from Hawkes Bay, pre-war sheep farmer, took part in the Battle of Britain; S/Ldr. R. J. C. Grant, D.F.C., D.F.M., from Auckland, is the very popular C.O., and "father and mother" to the Squadron; F/O. B. E. Gibbs, from Taihape, was a farmer before joining the R.N.Z.A.F. Bottom row: F/Lt. M. G. Barnett, from Wellington, was a former member of the Aero Club; F/O. M. R. D. Hume, a Wairarapa sheep farmer, and F/O. D. G. E. Brown, an Auckland man, both trained in Canada and New Zealand

# Pirtures in the tire

By "Sabretache"

### "According to Plan "-But Whose?

or one foot of territory was given up." . . . "The enemy was allowed to up."... The enemy was anowed to follow up only as far as suited the chessboard defence plan."... "Rommel's troops, having given up the so-called Shott positions, alicangaing movement towards have begun a disengaging movement towards the north. This movement, to all appearances, is being continued." . . . "Withdrawal according to plan.'

German News Agency an Akarit (not quite)

There is, however, one accurate statement in all this: the Germans did give up the positions they name, but the right way to spell the name is "Shot." From all this, of course, we must understand that recent events constitute another great German victory, one of the same magnitude as that gained at Stalingrad. Our own com-mentator, one Montgomery, has had the amazing effrontery to say that the vermin are for a "Dunkirk" in reverse. For once I am sure General Montgomery is wrong. enemy cannot get his troops off even if he commandeers all the gondolas in Venice to augment his transport. The choice is now, surely, quite plain: "Die with your boots on," or "Throw your hand in." There can be no other way.

### Just Their Weather

If you have been so lucky, you may have seen them cut the suspended carcass of a pig in half with one smack of their kukris. You also will have seen them walk up a khud, or young precipice, almost as fast as you or I can walk on the flat. Jebel Beida was entrusted to the Gurkha regiments of the Indian Division with the Eighth Army; it was an attack in the dark, and presumably not less than a brigade was employed. They got their objective very quickly without, so far as we can learn, firing a shot or making any other kind of noise. It is not very difficult to imagine what happened. Let us bear in mind that little parlour trick with the pig which they do at their sports. A story was once told me about the Little Men which, I am sure, might quite easily be right, and any Gurkha officer who may read this might be able to tell me. It went this way: on some frontier show-a hill fight, anyway-the opposing forces had a deep valley between them which,

at the time the G.O.C. wanted to commence the show, was full of cloud, so he decided to wait.
When the clouds cleared and the advance was ordered, so the story goes, the army met the Gurkhas coming back up the hill, grinning all over their merry little faces and returning some very gory kukris to their sheaths. Not a shot had been heard. The battle was over. They had scuppered the lot. This is a over. They had scuppered the lot. This is a very good yarn, even if it is not quite true; but I believe that it is after what has just happened at Jebel Beida. I see that the 51st Division, Camerons and Seaforths in particular, also put up a grand show, but I haven't got any detail yet.

### Another Royal Classic Improbable

His Majesty's colt Tipstaff hardened from 10-1 to .8-1 for the Two Thousand Guineas, which is run at Newmarket on Tuesday, May 18th, and was therefore, level second favourite with Fortunate Trial, better known last year as the Fortunate Lady colt, by Fair Trial. Tipstaff now does not run. In November last, Captain Charles Moore, who is manager of the royal stable, let it be known that the Guineas was the first big target for Tipstaff, and it was said at the same moment that they never had him quite as they wanted him last season. Some of the critics, who I thought at the time were a bit hasty, put a bad mark against Tipstaff, because he let his side down, so they averred, in the six furlongs Amport Stakes at Salisbury on August 8th. Tipstaff started a roasting hot favourite at 7-4 on, which means that they believed he could not possibly miss it. A few strides from the winningpost he had his race won. The colt certainly thought so, for he dropped his bit. Sulphurous and Panda then both got upsides and beat him, the judge's verdict being a neck and a short head. Tipstaff was giving his conquerors 10 lb. apiece, and this is a lot of weight, and when translated into distance means 3 lengths and a bit. Why they were so sore about Tipstaff was that in May he had come home alone, so to speak, in a five-furlong race, also at Salisbury, beating nothing, it is true, but just before that he had run second, beaten only half a length to Wild Wave, who was giving him 7 lb. Wild Wave had just won over five Wild Wave had just won over five furlongs at Salisbury. So far so good, or bad, as
(Concluded on page 116)



R.A.F. Shopkeepers

Prisoners of war in Germany, these four R.A.F. officers run their own canteen in the camp. Left to right: F/O. Douglas Baber, F/O. J. Vollmer, S/Ldr. S. S. Fielden, F/Lt. J. Cant



Victor Hey

### The Archbishop with the R.A.F.

Dr. Garbett, Archbishop of York, held a special service and confirmation for personnel of the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. somewhere in the North-East. In the picture are Rev. P. Dorman, R.A.F. Chaplain; Rev. Spence, Vicar of St. Martin's, Scarborough; Dr. Garbett and Rev. A. H. Procter, V.C., R.A.F. Chaplain



"B. Bira" Carves a Sundial



A Maharaja in Uniform

Major the Maharaja of Rajpipla, a frequent pre-war visitor to England, is now busy helping the war effort at home in India. He has given three aircraft to the R.A.F., one named after his 1934 Derby winner Windsor Lad

Prince Birabongse of Siam, besides being a sculptor of note, was well known before the war as "B. Bira," the racing motorist. He is now a gliding instructor in the A.T.C. South-West Command. He is seen here at his home in Cornwall

# Pictures in the time

(Continued)

the case may be. However, after the Amport Stakes failure Tipstaff was put in the corner, and there he will now remain, after his fainthearted performance in the Southern Stakes (substitute for Greenham). If he had won it, as he could, he would have won the Guineas. I suggest that we remember the 10 lb. he was giving away all round in the Amport Stakes, and that Sulphurous ran fourth in the seven furlongs Dewhurst, starting third favourite to Umiddad and Straight Deal, who finished first and second. Racing puzzles amuse the browned-off just as much as cross-word ones, and the next best thing to the actual excitement of going racing is talking and, perhaps, squabbling about it.

### A Name of Bad Omen

BOOBY TRAP is the one referred to, and he is at the moment Lord Derby's principal candidate for the Blue Ribbon at Newmarket on Saturday, June 19th. If you want to, you can get 20's about him for the Derby and 33about his chance in the Guineas (May 18th), but, personally, I never feel inclined to back things with names like that. A booby-trap is a thing that lets you down. This colt is by Plassy (the battle has an "e" in it), out of Disguise, so I do not think that he is very happily named. Plassey was not a booby-trapjust a plain, toe-to-toe fight, and Disguise suggests either Sherlock Holmes or a fancy ball. However, "they" talk about Booby Trap, and so we are bound to take some little notice. He has never won; but out of half-a-dozen ventures last year he was twice placed, once in the 7-furlongs Dewhurst to Umiddad and Straight Deal a neck and a length, and the other time in the Fulbourne Stakes, 6 furlongs, third to Ribbon and the favourite, Baman, distances half a length and 2 lengths. I suggest that these performances tell us very little, and that we need further information before we believe that the fact of Booby Trap having kept some of the leading lights in sight warrants our risking any small change we may possess in backing him. Incidentally, Baman, the colt just mentioned, has also never won: he ran up three times as a two-year-old, Ribbon being his most distinguished conqueror. You can get 66—I about him for the Derby; Ribbon is at 25—I, Straight Deal at 16—I. Both Booby 25—1, Straight Deal at 16—1. Both Booby Trap and Baman were given 8 st. in the Free Handicap, as against Lady Sybil 9 st. 7 lb., Nasrullah 9 st. 6 lb., Umiddad 9 st. 5 lb., Ribbon 9 st. 3 lb. and Straight Deal 9 st. 1 lb.



W.R.N.S. Officers at a Naval Air Station

Front row: 3rd/O. Williams, 3rd/O. Scott, 1st/O. Down, Capt. Walton, 2nd/O. E. Williams, 3rd/O. Colyer, 3rd/O. O'Neil. Back row: 3rd/O. Kelham, 3rd/O. Titlow, 3rd/O. White, 3rd/O. Talbot, 3rd/O. Bickford Smith, 3rd/O. Drysdale, 3rd/O. Grenfell



Painting the War at Sea Mr. Norman Wilkinson, O.B.E., R.O.I., seen with one of his magnificent seascapes, has since the war painted over thirty pictures of sea warfare.

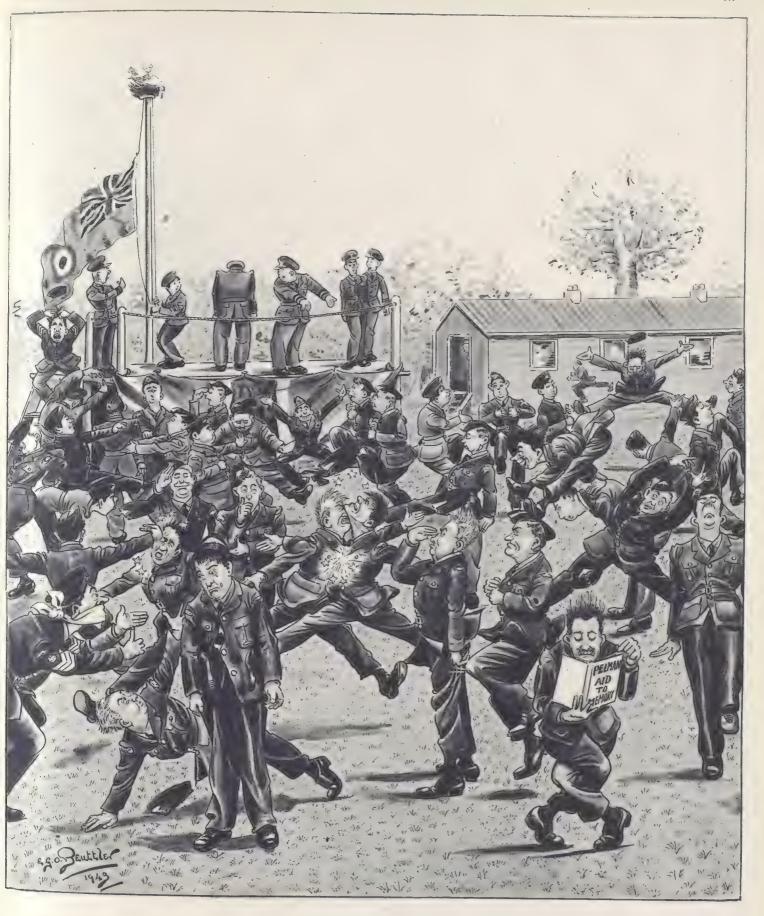
### A Derby Sweep for the Red Cross

SINCE first publishing the suggestion made by Lt.-Col. J. H. Pattison, D.S.O., of Nynehead Court, Taunton, for a sweep on the Derby (at present, of course, quite illegal if run publicly, i.e., outside a club), many letters have arrived, the most recent one from a lady who, in polite terms, entirely concurs with Mr. Bumble where the law is concerned. She suggests plenty of sweeps, not just one, and tickets ros., and not 5s., as Col. Pattison suggested, and that they should be obtainable through any post office. No one has a higher regard for the law than I have, but in the matter of these sweepstakes it is, I submit, m'lud and gentlemen of the just, most difficult to the gentlemen of the jury, most difficult to under-stand. A case in point is always of great value. Let us take the famous Calcutta Derby Sweep run by the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. Tickets are obtainable only through members, yet almost everyone in the wide world has been able to get a ticket for years and years past but because it is run under the ægis of a famous racing club, no one has been jugged for breaking the law. It sails right up into the wind, and yet nothing has been done against it by the law. Other organisations of lesser degree than the R.C.T.C. run sweeps on the Derby and other big races, and I have yet to meet the London club that does not; but none of them are sufficiently big to attract the whole world in the way that the Calcutta Sweep has done. I know quite a bit about it, but will not venture to assert that it has ever been won by an Ojjibeway Missionary Eater, but I should not be surprised to be told that it had. The Calcutta Sweep has greatly enriched the Turi Club, made big increases in stake money possible, provided the funds for a number of magnificent grandstands and the upkeep of the best racecourse east of Suez and north of the Equator. The Sweep has not been the cause of a declension in morals—rather the reverse, for, so far as I remember, there has only been one case of a winner drinking himself into an angel. The victim, incidentally, would have done this in any case. Can we not learn from this Calcutta model? It would not be difficult to keep a check model? It would not be difficult to keep a check on fraud, particularly on the diligent forger. The Irish Sweep is another perfectly honest undertaking. It is quite legal in Eire, but anyone caught peddling tickets in this country is for it, even though the enterprise so greatly benefits the Red Cross. There is absolutely no danger of a sweep turning anybody into a Mad Marquess of Hastings or a Jubilee Plunger, and it might appeal to a good many as a pleasant and it might appeal to a good many as a pleasant way of helping to pay for the war. One of Col. Pattison's suggestions—and a very good one—was that prizes should be in Defence Bonds Haven't you and I, or Saving Certificates. incidentally, stumbled upon a thing called a tombola even at the most saintly charity fêtes, and how about those bran-pies in which you may hook a pair of baby's bed-socks that won't fit you, or a patent hair-curler you wouldn't use even if you could? Where's the real-bedrock difference?



Officers of a Battalion of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry

Front row: Rev. K. A. Jenner, Major T. C. Johnston, Major R. H. Gill, a Lt.-Col., Gen. Sir Charles Grant, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., Major F. C. Butterworth, Capt. H. S. Corbett (Adjt.), Capt. and Q.M. C. W. Silver, Capt. J. H. Coles. Back row: Lt. A. F. Lazarus, Capt. J. Raitz, Lt. F. Pedder, 2nd Lt. J. R. Turner, Lt. A. S. M. Williams. 2nd Lt. R. W. Bennett, 2nd Lt. S. M. C. Glasson, Lt. J. H. Greenhill



# Memory Drill in the I.T.W.

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

In the A.T.C., the R.A.F.'s "Prep. School," of which our artist is an Inspecting Officer, cadets go through forty movements of Memory Drill. But a stage later, in the Initial Training Wings, they perform over a hundred! The object is to teach them to concentrate: most important for future Air Crews. The flight, fifty strong, falls in and proceeds to carry out the full programme of squad drill and P.T. Exercises; there is no word of command and no instructor. Terrific concentration and much practice are required, but—and the picture points a stern warning—if one cadet goes wrong and a spot of panic seizes the others, concentration vanishes and chaos ensues. In this case, the presence of the Very Senior Officer on the inspection platform is to blame. The Group Captain, completely overcome, turns his back on disaster; a sergeant lowers the R.A.F. Ensign to half-mast; a flight sergeant (lower left), being gagged by a handkerchief, can only express his opinion of one whose memory is no more in the language of the deaf and dumb

# With Silent Friends

### By Elizabeth Bowen

Appreciation

W "Criticism," there have come to be published so many books that are not in the true sense criticism at all? The literary critic of these days-and not of these days onlyshows himself ingenious, learned to a degree. He is, on the whole, scientific rather than fanciful. He is, however, just sufficiently fanciful (or, if you see it another way, egotistic) to wish to develop his own theme at the expense of the author who was his ostensible subject. Mr: X., the typical modern critic, is, demonstrably, a remarkably clever fellow. But has he the right idea of his métier?

Lord David Cecil begins his Hardy the Novelist (Constable; 7s. 6d.) with a clear and challenging definition of what it is the critic's business to do. And this boils down to four words—
"stick to his subject."

This subject is books. In every generation certain books are written which are works of art, which we read not for any ulterior motive-not for instruction or edification-but for the same reason that we go to a picture gallery or a concert: because reading them is in itself a satisfying experience. books are the critic's subject; they are what he starts with; they are the cause and justification of his existence. It is his function to illuminate our appreciation of them, to define the nature of the satisfaction they give, to analyse the circumstances conditioning their production and the arts by which they make their impression. This ought to be enough work for any one man.

It is one thing to set up a precept, another to follow it. Lord David Cecil has succeeded in doing both. This brilliant and wise biographer

of Cowper (in The Stricken Deer) and Lord Melbourne knows very well, in the first place, where biography should stop and criticism begin: he therefore does not make the cardinal error of discussing Hardy's life instead of his novels. He is not searching through the Wessex novels for clues as to the temperament of the man who wrote them. He is interested in the temperament (and, via the temperament, in the cir-cumstances) of Thomas Hardy, the man, only in so far as this can be shown to account for anything in the Hardy novels. It is the nature of Hardy's creative power, and the nature of the effect that this has on the reader, that is Lord David's subject from beginning to end.

Hardy the Novelist is, thus, pure criticism—critias defined at the cism book's start. Reading it, one feels stimulated to make a fresh approach, not only to Hardy but to any great novelist. Thomas Hardy, however, does make the ideal subject for an illumination of this kind. His novels have at once a majesty and a roughness that, to some of us, is intimidating. In them, a sublime vision alternates with a bathos that can be found absurd. His pessimism (that reached its extreme point in Jude the Obscure) looms larger, in the popular view of him, than does the lyricism present in all the novels, but at its happiest in Far from the Madding Crowd.

### Time and Place

L ORD DAVID speaks, in opening Hardy the Novelist, of the dual impulse in every creative writer. There is, at once, the wish to express the personal vision (or, call it the personal view of life) and the wish to construct something to make a book that, like a building or statue, shall be a thing in itself. And of this dual impulse working in Thomas Hardy, the critic does not allow himself to lose sight. He shows how, in Hardy, the vision sometimes warred with the structure. This was a case of great art but uncertain craft. This novelist of most original vision chose for his novels the most unoriginal-in fact, the most conventional form. In so far as plot went, Hardy was not an innovator—the direct English tradition, as it had come down from Fielding, seemed to him good enough. Into this conventional novel-form, his poetic-dramatic vision did not successfully fit.

Hardy, Lord David Cecil makes clear throughout, does not in any sense belong with the "modern" novelists, and should not be judged with them. He was, rather, the last of the Elizabethans. His characters, with their strong passions and dire fates, belong more properly to the poetic drama. Hardy's great men and women have no low gear—when the novel's conventions demand low gear, something goes very wrong. (An instance of this are some of the more domestic passages in *The Return* 

of the Native.)



An Author-Traveller

"Across Madagascar," recently published, is the latest work by Mrs. Olive Murray Chapman, who is well known for her books of travel dealing with little-known parts of the world, through which she has made some remarkable journeys. In "Across Madagascar," she describes her adventures and experiences in the great forests of the interior, among primitive tribes, in the summer of 1939

One frequently hears it said of some great man that his tragedy was that he was born before his time. With Hardy, Lord David says the tragedy was that he was born after his time His Elizabethan genius did not accord with the doubts and dimness of the late Victorian age The scientific attack on faith, entering through his intellect, disturbed his spirit. For the

Elizabethans, man dominated and was the centre of the universe. For the intellectual Victorians, man only occupied in the universe a quite small and constantly-threatened place. To accept this—as Hardy had to accept it— was to see a sort of futility ruling the human drama. Hence the "modern" pessimism of this un-

modern writer. Hardy, as shown by Lord David, illustrates another great precept: that an artist should not attempt to travel outside his range. (Jane Austen was one who instinctively knew this, and in her novels we see the happy effects.) Hardy, before all, was a Wessex man: he, felt, in his bones, in his being's fibre, not only that region's physical atmosphere, but its long, strange, crowded and haunted past In fact, no other part of England could have more fruitfully put out an artist son. Wessex lore, Wessex landscape, Wessex psychology, worked through him to give greatness to the great novels. It was when he deserted his native heath, when he made academic attempts to draw high life or London life, that Hardy came down badly. Some current was cut off at the source.

The study now published as Hardy the Novelist was composed as a course of lectures—the Clark Lectures, (Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE Late - Victorian-By-Product raised a bunch of scentless

violas to her nose and went through her morning ritual for the benefit of the hotel breakfast-room. "Delicious," she cried to those within hearing, "Simply delicious! You know," she went on, turning to another L.V.B., who sat deeply engrossed in The Times preparatory to telling the world her theory of probable war-strategy, "I always feel that flowers love me. I have had these violas four days, and they are still fresh!" The war-strategist, however, evinced no interest. She had her eye on Rommel. Nor was a third L.V.B. much more responsive. She had just received a letter from her niece Doris, and presently the hotel sitting-room would be regaled with Doris's latest news. Then, about eleven o'clock, the three of them would take a little walk, each in her separate direction; after which they would meet in the hotel for lunch, and, failing other more pressing topics of conversation, would share dark hints concerning their suspicions that the management was not giving them their rightful portion of sugar, butter or cheese.

Later they would take a little rest, and hoped at tea-time to hear the latest news of a younger Late-Victorian By-Product, whose search for some kind of war-work had lasted for three years, but had not yet offered anything suitable for an early-fifty to combine helping-to-win-the-war with recurrent headaches, visits to her mother in Yorkshire, and some sort of a uniform. Sometimes she felt inclined to

By Richard King

go on the land, if only she knew a really nice farmer who wanted somebody to help to look after chickens in a nice, clean kind of way. This daily conversational excitement exhausted, all the L.V.B.s retired to their rooms—for not even a German occupation would, unless death intervened;

discourage them from changing for dinner. I have been obliged to stay in several hotels lately, and always I have been curious, in a dull kind of way, to find out if other members of this derelict, but not unimpressive tribe, had descended upon the place. I found them wherever I went, permanent resident stamped indelibly upon them. In peacetime, most of them used to be authorities on foreign pensions. Nowadays, England's beauty spots are their habitation-but they lead the same kind of life and still converse in the same way about the same kind of things. In every public sitting-room they have appropriated a chair. views them half in pity, half in exaspera-tion. But undoubtedly they are a bul-The war has fluttered them, but left them undismayed. We shall never see their like again. I cannot imagine any girl now in the A.T.S., or the W.A.A.F., or in the W.R.N.S., or wherever their warwork may take them, becoming even forty years hence a replica of these L.V.B.s. They will have learned too much of life in the raw ever to sit in frigid gentility awaiting Death before Death actually confronts them. Post - war human planning will surely kill the species. A simple funeral, perhaps, with a few flowers and no tears.

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements



Burton - Kennard-Davis

S/Ldr. Frederick Elgar Burton, D.F.C., R.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. E. Burton, of Kyrton, Shortlands, Kent, married Pamela Frances Kennard-Davis, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. F. E. Kennard-Davis, of Lima, Peru, and of Selsey, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Ball - Boyle

Charles C. Ball, son of the late Major Ball, and Mrs. Ball, of 15, Headingley Lane, Headingley, Leeds, Yorkshire, married Deidre Boyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Boyle, of Amersham, Bucks., at St. Mary's, Amersham



Morison - Egan

I.t. E. John Bellechasse Morison, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Morison, of Little Mount, de Redvers Road, Parkstone, married Norah Elinor Blackwood Egan, only child of Surg. Capt. and Mrs. P. B. Egan, of Apsley Road, Bristol, at the Royal Naval College Chapel, Greenwich



Southworth - Douglas

Capt. Alan Southworth, M.C., R.E., youngest son of the late Walter Southworth, and Mrs. Southworth, of Oak House, Clitheroe, Lancs., married Margaret Constance Douglas, younger daughter of the late William Douglas and Mrs. Douglas, of Giffnock, Renfrewshire, at St. Margaret's, Newlands, Glasgow



Brooks — Jackson

Li. Sam Brooks, D.S.C., R.N., elder son of Cdr. and Mrs. S. A. Brooks, of Oak Cotlage, Normanston Drive, Lowestoft, married Veronica Jackson, younger daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. W. L. Jackson, of Northwood House, Fareham



Streatfield - Stopford

Lt. D. H. C. Streatsield, R.N., youngest son of the Rev. C. and Mrs. Streatsield, of Symondsbury Rectory, Bridport, and Lady Moyra Stopford, twin daughter of the Earl and Countess of Courtown, of The Old House, Aylesbury, were married at Holy Trinity, Walton, Aylesbury



Miss Pamela Smyth

Miss Pamela Smyth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smyth, of Colwell, Honiton, Devon, is engaged to Major R. Waring, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment; elder son of Colonel and Mrs. H. Waring, of Meadowside, Tunbridge Wells, Kent



Armstrong - Wilcoxon

Sub-Lt. Ian Paul Armstrong, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Frank Armstrong and Mrs. J. A. S. Mackie, of Long Barn, Much Hadnam, Herts, married Sheila Meredith Wilcoxon, of 14, Kendall Place. W.1, widow of Sub-Lt. R. O. Wilcoxon, and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Earle

### ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

### About

THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY shopped in Bond Street, dressed in gay colours; her sister, Mrs. Peter Heber-Percy, was with her (they were the Misses Nadine and Sylvia Crofton-Atkins, of Devonshire). Also in Bond Street, Miss Hilary Napier was an attractive figure, very slim, in a coat and skirt. Mrs. Fanshaw (the former Miss Viola Ismay) was another morning walker; and Lady Swaythling, in her St. John Ambulance uniform, was hurrying along, too. Miss Rosemary Kerr, Admiral Mark Kerr's amusing daughter, danced at the Bagatelle on an evening off from work. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands motored to an appointment early one morning, unnoticed by hurrying rush-hour workers.

### Newmarket News

Several owners of racehorses have found time to slip down to Newmarket lately. The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood rode out with Lord Derby's horses; Major the Hon. Lionel Montagu, Capt. Jack Clayton and Mr. Peter Hastings (scion of the famous Wroughton establishment) went to see Nearco at Mr. Martin Benson's stud farm. They also visited his great rival Hyperion the same day. On another lovely morning Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, Mr. Bernard Van Cutsem, Mrs. Nickie Morris, Major Dick Warden, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Benson gathered to watch some of the Hon. George Lambton's string acquit themselves well on the Side Hill trial ground. Lord Willoughby de Broke was also out, and watched Jack Leader's horses work.

### A.R.P. House-Warming

A tremendously successful "house-warming" party was given by Mr. Colin L. Williams and his wardens of Post 14, key A.R.P. point in Mayfair. Just before the Wings for Victory Week, Mr. Williams, senior warden of the Post, decided that he and his wardens were going to raise £50,000 for the funds. He wrote to Lord Bennett, of Calgary, who is very interested in the Post, and told him of their aim. Back came Lord Bennett's reply, with the message, "Go get it," and a cheque for £20,000. Mr. Williams and his men certainly got it, for they raised froo,000.

Since then the Post has moved into new headquarters and Mr. Williams gave a party to celebrate. Lord Bennett was the guest of honour; Mr. A. Drexel Biddle, U.S. Ambassador to the Occupied Countries, was there; so were Capt. J. L. Callen, American Naval Attaché, and Col. McMahon, U.S. Army, who came with Mr. Drexel Biddle, and Col. R. C. Bingham, of the Home Guard, and Brig. Spencer, D.S.O., who were with Lord Bennett. Others there included Super-intendent Cole, head of "C" Division of the Police; Gen. Price, Cana-dian Red Cross Commissioner in this country, and Air-Raid Warden Harry Lawton.

### From India

LETTER from Mr. Gavin Vernon Black, now in India, brings news A LETTER from Mr. Gavin veilion Black, now in the sports lovely of people once often to be seen about London. He reports lovely times had by all in Durban on the way out, with much hospitality, lovely racing, and so on. Hunting-racing people out there include Mr. St. John Donn-Byrne, who has a lovely castle in Ireland, and Mr. Bobbie Foster. Others in India are Capt. Charles Harding, A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras; Lord Wharton, who is in the R.A.F.; Mr. David Jardine Hunter-Paterson; and Capt. Billy Wilson, who used to be a G.R. in steeplechases.



Professor Joad's Daughter to Marry

Miss Lucy Joad, younger daughter of Professor C. E. M. Joad, of 4, East Heath Road, Hampstead, has announced her engagement to Lt. Norman J. B. H. Parsons, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Mr. Norman Parsons, and Mrs. Gordon Halsey, of Loch na Keale, Isle of Mull. Her father is the well-known member of the B.B.C. Brains Trust

### WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

given at Cambridge in 1942. The directness and the occasional collequialisms of the original form have been kept—with, I think, admirable effect. The discussion of Hardy comes under different headings-"His Scope," "His Power," "His Art," "His Weakness," and so on You cannot fail to delight in this book. Few writers can, like Lon David Cecil, apply their powers equally to dissimilar subjects. To Lon Melbourne, Thomas Hardy may seem an unexpected successor. Ye Hardy the Novelist is as outstanding, as criticism, as The Youn Melbourne was as biography.

### "All Through the Night"

Voices in the Darkness," by E. Tangye Lean (Secker and War burg; 15s.), is the story of the European Radio War. Then is now in two senses war in the air-into battle go not only aircraft but spoken words. The broadcaster, like the bomber, has his given objective. A minute's twiddling at the radio knobs reminds you and In fact, or me that the ether is a babel of many conflicting tongues. their different wave-lengths, the Axis Powers and the Allied Nations without stopping, address their own and enemy peoples. The par played by radio in this war is of a magnitude past our powers to estimate. One may form a better idea of it after reading this remarkable book.

We are given here the maps, as well as the histories, of the various air campaigns. The suitability of the broadcast for the putting across of propaganda is obvious—and it does more than this: it magnifies or propagation is obvious—and it does more than this: it magnifes personality. It was to Hitler, apparently, that it first presented it possibilities as a big build-up. Since then, the effective use of the microphone has become  $\alpha$  sine quâ non of leadership. At times of tension, the spoken word has twenty times the force of the word in print. Have you noticed, for instance, that when the news is bad there are people who, though they have to look at the papers, cannot

bear to turn on the wireless?

Equally, however, the voice on the radio can be used to jubilate, to sustain, to reason, to rally, to expostulate, to admonish, to command or to jeer. It can be an instrument of sabotage; it can assume a parental tone of authority. It can extend a lifeline to cut-off people. All these possible uses of radio the embattled B.B.C. must exploit At the same time, the Axis-controlled stations seek the same exploitation, for their purposes. Roughly, every country is being, in the course of every twenty-four hours, addressed in its own language by numerous broadcasters, each speaking from a different national station, each representing that national point of view. And, conversely, each belligerent country controls its own team of broadcasters, in the different tongues.

Of infinite importance may be the propaganda thus transmitted. Sensitiveness to every possible change in the listening countries is, from day to day, essential. The preparation of the B.B.C.'s European programmes—to the occupied countries, to secret listeners in Germanyneeds the finest powers of the psychologist. The supply must be worthy of the eager demand. Nothing must, if possible, miss its mark Let the comfortable British listener, in his arm-chair, send a thought to those other listeners, across the Channel, who are risking every

penalty, even death!

It is part of the technique of broadcasting as an offensive weapon to pick out; and hammer away at, the enemy's weak points. The relentlessly driven-in wedge may separate allies. The German radio relentlessly driven-in wedge may separate allies. The German raducertainly played a great part, in the early summer of 1940, in undermining France's confidence in herself and her trust in England. (The most dramatic section of this dramatic book is the "Political Warfare Documentary," covering, hour by hour, that fateful May and June.) And as for the others, what are they saying? We are told here how, by the B.B.C. monitoring system, every broadcast from every station in every language is listened to, taken down and put on the files.

Voices in the Darkness is, as a study of broadcasting as a form of war, more comprehensive than I can show here. There are just enough technicalities-for instance, an informative note on "jamming." Tangye Lean's clear, visual way of writing brings any scene he describes straight to the eye. There is a very open-minded discussion of our broadcasting policies in relation to other countries. As you may know, he himself ran, for a year and a half, the B.B.C.'s cultural programme

to Germany.

### Happier Days

M RS. SHANE L'ESLIE, in the Foreword to her delightful Childhood in the Pacific (Macdonald and Co.; 10s. 6d.), hopes that her reminiscences may not sound too "light-hearted and frivolous" in these times. On the contrary, one is glad to see the Philippines, Singapore, etc., inside the crystal of innocent memory to see Corregidor as the scene of a moonlit picnic, at which only the chaperone got lost.

As the youngest of the three young daughters of Henry Clay Ide (the Samoans called them "the Three Angels"), the authoress lived in Samoa (where Robert Louis Stevenson was their neighbour and friend) then in a Manila riverside palace, then in Madrid. She met the Empress of China, just failed to meet a tiger in the Raffles Hotel, survived a typhoon and braved out a ghost. . . I shared Mrs. Shane Leslie's pleasure in her memories, which are simply and gracefully

written down.



There is a place for Melody in the medley of our wartime lives. And there is a place for Gala, too. For in Gala—a gay and vivid lipstick—there is a harmony of rich colour, creamy texture and permanence in wear.



GALA LIPSTICK, 5/3 • REFILLS (FIT ALMOST ANY CASE), 2/11
GALA FACIAL CREAM, 5/3 GALA POWDER, 5/3





### THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M. E. BROOKE

There is no doubt about it that there is nothing more useful and practical than a three-piece, as it may form the basis of the wardrobe. The model portrayed is from Liberty's, Regent Street, and is carried out in tweed. The cape is almost of the cavalier character, and may be draped over the shoulders if preferred; it is ideal for travelling and for walking. The coat and skirt may be worn separately or together, a blouse being substituted for the former. Too much cannot be said in favour of blouses, as they wash and wear remarkably well, nor must it be overlooked that Utility coats and skirts are made of the best materials procurable. No one must leave these salons without seeing the hats, as they are simple, light in weight and perfectly ventilated





Gorringe, in the Buckingham Palace Road, are making a feature of coats that will remain undated indefinitely. There is something decidedly springlike about the model above, which is made in oatmeal fancy boucle with a rich brown velour panel in front. It may be slipped on in the fraction of a second; it silhouettes the figure in a particularly becoming manner. There are other coats, some of navy blue velour reinforced with detachable white pique revers, and very attractive box coats in a fluffy material in "off white," ice blue and other pastel shades. Utility coats are well represented, including those of fancy mohair. A matter of congratulation is that Tuxedo fronts have come into their own again, as subsequently they may be remodelled

Finnigans, New Bond Street, have always been regarded as a shop for clothes for country wear, and this season they are just as successful, although, naturally, their activities are less varied. To this firm must be given the credit of the bold checked tweed coat seen at the bottom of this page on the left. It has a simulated basque which is attractive, and so are the step revers. Light-weight tweed summer coats are well represented, both with and without belts. The majority merely silhouette the figure, hence they look extremely well when worn open. The odd coat and skirt are to be seen in many guises, and are so useful in varying the outfit. Twin sets, cardigans and pullovers in light wool are eagerly sought, as they are of great assistance in solving the dress problem. There is a limited number of cotton shirts, striped and spotted



### THE SPECIALITY SHOP OF DISTINCTION



A charming example in navy blue with clever touches of white. Chosen at random from a collection of Model Dresses in various designs, materials and prices. The model sketched is also available in black. (7 coupons).

Margaret
Marks

Rhightsbridge S.W.1

# AND

### Stories from Everywhere

wo men worked side by side in a War Production Board office. They never spoke, but each watched the other. One man left work daily at four the other. o'clock. The other toiled on until six o'clock or later. Some months passed. Then the harder-working

man of the two approached the other.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but do you mind telling me how you can clean up your work every day at four o'clock?"

"Not at all," said the other man. "When I come

to a tough piece of detail, I mark it 'Refer to Mr. Smith.' I figure that, in a place as large as this, there is sure to be a Mr. Smith. And I must be right; those papers never come back."

The hard-working one started to remove his coat. "Brother," he said, "prepare for action. I'm Mr. Smith."

'Mister,'' said an urchin to the man who was driving a very poor horse, "do you want me to hold 'im?" "No, thanks," replied the man. won't run away."

"I didn't mean hold 'im fast, so's he won't run away. I mean hold 'im up, so's 'e won't drop."

THERE had been an air raid the night before, and a crowd stood around the smoking ruins of the village schoolhouse.

As the vicar watched the mess he realised that a

small boy beside him was weeping bitterly. Don't cry, my boy!" he said consolingly.

soon build another."

"It's not that," sobbed the youngster. the time I wasted last night doing my homework!"



"Wake up, Major-time for your sleeping draught!"

Those there are no barking dogs in any of the adjoining flats," said the lady.

"Oh, no, madam," said the agent. "Nothing like that at all."

"That's a relief," returned the woman with a sigh of relief. "Then I'll take the flat. You see, I've got two dogs of my own that bark like mad and I really couldn't stand any more."

A motorist stopped at a lonely country store with plain salt—bags, boxes and barrels of it, stacks of it in the yard outside.

"Good gracious," said the motorist, "you sell a lot of salt."

"No, I don't sell much," replied the storeker "but you should have seen the fellow that ca here last week. Now, he really could sell sale

BILLY had fallen into the bad habit of betting, the hope of curing the boy, his father and un decided to make him lose by taking on any bets proposed, which they knew they would win.

The following morning Billy met his uncle. "I bet you sixpence you've got corns," said the The uncle accepted the challenge

"But can you prove it?" said Billy,
"Easily," said the other. "I'll take off my sh

and socks and show that you are wrong. Presently uncle's bare feet were exposed and B

handed over sixpence.

During the morning uncle met the boy's father.

"Our little plan seems to be working all right he said, and went on to explain how he had a sixpence from the boy. "And to prove I was right added the uncle, "I took off my shoes and socks showed him my feet."

"What!" ejaculated the boy's father. "Only lightly the best works and socks and socks are the light with the best works.

night that boy bet me half a crown he'd see's

bare feet.'

The class was having a general and noted for The master turned to Jones, minor, noted for the master turned to Jones, minor, noted for the master turned and out of tight comes THE class was having a general knowledge less ease with which he wriggled out of tight corners.
"What is ratio?"
"Ratio," replied Jones, minor, "is proportion!

"But what is proportion?"

"Why, sir, proportion is ratio."

"Well, what are ratio and proportion?" "I can only answer one question at a time, s

replied Jones, minor, with cold dignity.

The Country Needs Waste Paper. Turn Out Your Cupboards Now and Give Generously of the Books and Magazines You No Longer Read.



The Coty Beauty Service has spun a girdle of loveliness around the world. The excellence of Coty Creations is acknowledged in every land—their exquisite charm is beyond compare.

All the more reason for treasuring your Coty to-day, the supply is strictly limited. The Beauty Service that has made the name Coty famous must be but a shadow of its former self till Victory allows the development of our comprehensive post-war plans.

The Creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Styx, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.





We are specialists in



WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.) LANgham 4444

### By Oliver Stewart

Why Fly?

T's that ban again; the ban that the humanitarians, the sabbatarians, the lovers of simplicity and silence repeatedly urge, the ban on flying. Letters have been appearing in one or two newspapers suggesting that after the war the nations should

agree to ban all aviation.

The argument for such a ban can be so well sustained that it deserves answering. Most people are instinctively aware that the ban is an impossibility and that, having discovered how to fly, human beings have not the power to obliterate that discovery. Nevertheless it is an advantage if the advocates of aviation and yet more aviation are clear in their minds as to the benefits it should bring.

So far it does appear from an examination of history that aviation has brought death rather than life, and has added ugliness to existence rather than But we have to make the old distinction between the invention and the uses to which it is put.

It must be admitted that aviation has not been put to good purposes. It has been misused and made most efficient as a weapon of war and least efficient as a vehicle of transport. But that can be shown to be the result of the general world outlook which, on balance, tended towards war. Aviation was given its warlike twist by warlike peoples.

To answer the question of why we should endeavour to stimulate aviation for peace-time purposes, it is necessary to visualise the air world that is to be and to note that it could be better than the world of roads

and railways that has been.

Airways and Holidays

It is a mistake to suppose that aviation must minister to the business man above all others, the business man may very well be a dying species.

What about the controllers of the future, namely the civil servants? Ought we not to think first of their convenience and the quickness and comfort of their travel? Ought not the air line companies to endeavour to provide facilities for fast travel to the tired civil servant and his retinue before all others? Having done that they might turn to the pleasure folk. I was pleased to see, for instance, that Blackpool has already interested itself in the future of air lines and has staked its claim to have air lines feeding its giant ballrooms and scenic racers.

Personally I have always had some sympathy for the pleasure seekers. I feel that they deserve fast and good transport just as much as any other section of the community. And it is a fact of history that the pleasure seekers have usually been the first to give practical support to new modes of transport.

Air lines in the future, therefore, should be designed first to serve the civil servants who will control our destinies, and, secondly, to serve the pleasure seekers if anybody is left with the heart to seek pleasure after the civil servants have done with

London-Paris

The London-Paris air line was the cream of the air lines, with the biggest potential market, because of Paris being Paris and London London. Paris was the place to which all right-minded persons immediately travelled directly they had a few days clear from work.

But perhaps in the future Paris will have some difficulty in recovering her old glories. I hope she will recover them and I believe that when she becomes truly French again she will do so, but meanwhile it is worth seeing whether some parts of London and other places in England cannot

### New Staff Appointment

Air Marshal A. G. R. Garrod, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., who as Air Member for Training since July, 1940, has been responsible for seeing that the training of flying crews has kept pace with our ever-expanding production of aircraft, has been appointed Deputy Air Officer Commanding in Chief, R.A.F., India be made rather more please I have proposed overdrop roofing in large areas of Lon and providing not only per nent shelter for those bel but also good landing grou for the aeroplanes above. measure of this magnit would enable some impro ments to be made in the of things and in the facility for pleasurable living.

Back to the Whirlwind The good qualities of airc

time when they are going ou production or when it has be decided that they are appropriately ing the end of their period

usefulness.

The Westland Whirlwind been much underrated a piece of creative thinking the field of single-seat figh. Feats of the United State Lightnings in Tunisia made think about the Whirlwind

were a reminder of some of the good qualities that machine.

For instance, there is the almost entirely und structed outlook for the pilot; there are the gall mounted on the aeroplane's centre line; a there are the interconnected flaps and slots whi some pilots were occasionally able to use for m

ceuvring purposes.

The Whirlwind has both airscrews turning in same direction whereas the Lightning has one airsc turning in one direction and the other in the off. They are opposite handed. This probe bly makes

improved control and improved steadiness.

But the Whirlwind (and remember it had a radiators for the engines) taught many lessons was a piece of first-class advanced work. It is a that we did not see early enough that it was revea for the first time some of the things which might remarkable increases in twin-engined fight





### Naval, Military, and Air Force Kit

. . . Rowans of Glasgow and Birmingham carry two of the largest stocks of Ready Tailored Service Kit in the country in such a wide range of fittings that Officers of all the Services including the Merchant Navy, can be fitted efficiently and economically in a few minutes.

economicany i	11 64	1011	mmaccs.						
NAVY .						AIR FORCE			
Jacket £7	10	0	Tunic and belt £	7 10	0	Tunic	£7	15	0
Trousers 3	5	0	Trousers	3 5	0	Trousers	3	5	0 .
Greatcoat 11	0	-0	Greatcoat I	1 10	0	Greatcoat	12	0	ν
Raincoat 5	15	6 .	Trench coat	5 `5.	0	Raincoat	5	15	6
White tunic 3	0	0	Drill tunic	1 10	0	Drill tunic	- 1	11	b
White trousers I	17	6	Drill trousers	1 7	6	Drill trousers	- 1	7	0
White shorts	10	0	Drill shorts	ĽŤ,	0	Drill shorts	1	I	0

. Everything an Officer requires, including shirts, underwear, headwear to twerytning an Officer requires, including shirts, underweat, of ootwear, sleeping bags, etc., can be supplied from stock in great variety and at moderate cost. Rowans will be pleased to send detailed price list for Naval. Military or Air Force Kit on application.



70 Buchanan St., Glasgow and 71 New St., Birmingham



Coronas 21-Obtainable from all High Class Dealers and Stores

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.I



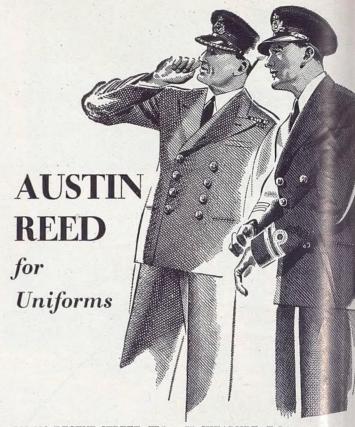
It is, perhaps, one of the most exciting moments of her life; but . . . the signals from the command post must be accepted and transmitted—calmly, swiftly, efficiently . . . .

We can't all work on Anti-Aircraft instruments. But we can all cultivate sang-froid in times of danger and difficulty. As Britishers we have a reputation for it!...

This is the quality that will earn for us the admiration of our children and of our children's children. So that in the years to come they will ask themselves in wonder: "But for their calmness in those dark and dangerous days...?"

The Standard Motor Company Ltd., Coventry





103-113 REGENT STREET, W.1 · 77 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2. Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Sheffield, Southampton. Also at Aldershot, Amesbury, Barmouth, Bothwell, Cosford, Coventry, Dunbar, Hove, Plymouth, Richmond (Yorks). London Telephone: Regent 6789.

### BREAST SUPPORTER

white material, 500 material,

for AMPUTATION

WITH & WITHOUT

measurements.

NURSE WITH COMFORT
TO PREVENT BREAST FROM DRAGGING, "COLLARBONES FROM PROTRIDING, MUST WEAR JOUJOU
BREASTS SUPPORTER. IT PREVENTS SOREMESS,
CHAFE AND STOOPING, GIVES UPLIFT, RELIEVES
PAIN, INFLAMMATION, WHICH ARISE FROM NEGLECT.
ALSO DESIGNED FOR MATERNITY AND NURSING
MOTHERS. PREVENTS MILK CLOTTING, MUST BE
WORN DAY AND NIGHT.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste
FOR AMPUTATION. Prices on application.

Jouiju Breast Supporter with Pad.
Personal fitting when calling or send your order.

Illustrated circular will be sent upon receipt of 3d, Orders
guaranteed immediately executed by return post.

Write or 'Phone Welbeck 1249

Obtainable only from—

Dept. 7.430

Dept. 7.430

OCHARAGE OF THE PRICE O NURSE WITH COMFORT

"JOUJOU"Co., 32, BakerStreet, London, W.1

Nowadays we frequently use materials which are not of pre-war quality. Even so our skill and experience ensure that everything we produce is just as good as it can be in wartime. Our production of Utility Stockings (and of stockings not within the Utility specification) is limited, but supplies are distributed fairly among Aristoc dealers.

'RAYSTOC' (Rayon)

'ARISTILE'



UTILITY (Rayon & Lisle)





### THE TAO CLINIC SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



Permanently destroyed by advanced Electrolysis. 78 hairs destroyed for 100,3 20-minute sitting. Each treatment singly. No searing. Practically painless Moles and warts successfully removed. Medically approved. Consultations approved. Consultations free by appointment, when a frank and honest diagonosis of each case will be a frank and bonest diagonosis of each case will be a frank

Permanently destroyed!

Appointments accepted for Saturday afternoons.

Phone - - - KEN 9055



### 80 MODERN PROPRIETARY CARAVANS

Prices from £150 to £850 H.P. terms and delivery arranged

On view at Hillcrest Gardens at junction of Gt. North Way and North Circular Road

Write for details to

### CARAVANIA LTD

206 CRICKLEWOOD BROADWAY LONDON, N.W.2

### JACQMAR'S

Angora and Wool Mixture Dress Cloth in many lovely plain colours and black. 53 inches wide, 26/2 and 41 coupons per yard

Patterns from:

GROSVENOR STREET LONDON, W.1

# FFP YOUR SUIT IN BETTER SHAPE

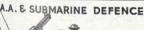




manufacturing experience of cighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTHS CATARRH . ANTISEPTIC THROAT GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd. Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire





eep an alert eye open for "Eclipse" blades—now made only in the popular lotted pattern. Their clean and com-ortable shaving is even more apprecited now that supplies are so limited. Obtainable only from Retailers

JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.

# Why you should spend points on Vita-Weat

Vita-Weat is more than an excellent crispbread-it is a first-rate addition to your wartime diet, supplying you generously with many elements vital to health and fitness. Here is a quick guide to the goodness in Vita-Weat. It will help you to spend your points to the best advantage and to shop wisely:

### VITA-WEAT CONTAINS:

- 1 Vitamin A to help you resist infection
- 2 Vitamin D to help your body to absorb Calcium and Phosphorus, and to make sound teeth and bones.
- 3 The Vitamin B complex, comprising Vitamin BI, whose lack

may cause neuritis and gastric disorders; Vitamin B2, which helps to burn up the 'fuel' foods and turn them into energy.

4 Iron to combat fatigue and ongemia

Vita-Weat is also excellent for the teeth. Children especially should have something crisp to eat every day.

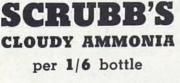


PACKETS 1/6 . LOOSE 1/4 lb. (Equal to two prewar 10d. packets and costing only ONE POINT!) Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

Save

Just add a few drops of SCRUBB'S to the water

**CLOUDY AMMONIA** 





OME of the raw materials which in less difficult days went to the making of 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food and 'Genasprin' must now be diverted to direct war needs with the result that much smaller quantities of 'Sanatogen' and 'Genasprin' are available in the shops.

At the same time, the 'Genatosan' Laboratories are contributing still further to the war effort by the production of vitally needed Chemicals and Medicinal Products, some of which have never before been manufactured on an industrial scale.



For the safe, quick, pleasant relief of Colds and Catarih

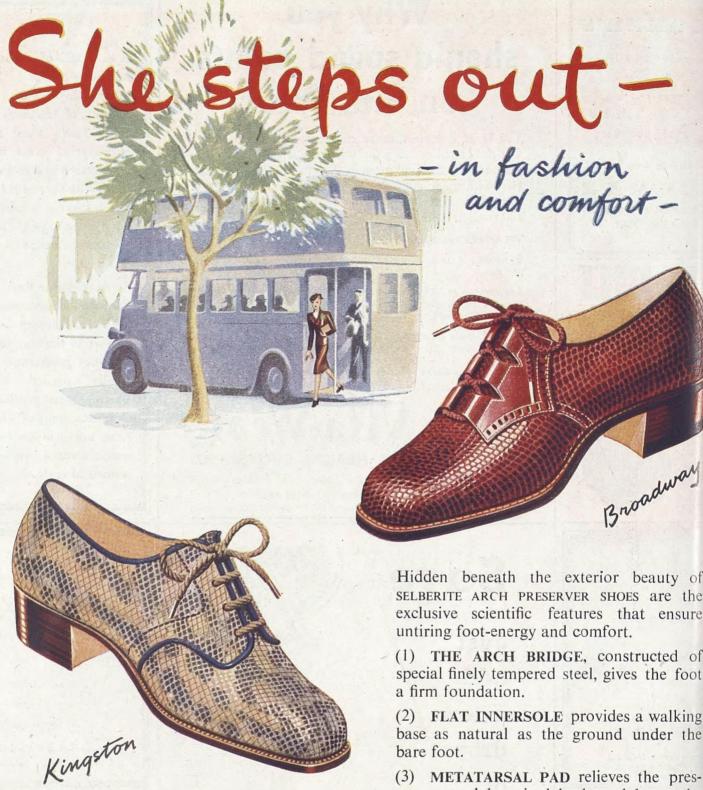
Breathe the Vapour

Of all Chemists 2/3

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd. Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

Definitely worth





Hidden beneath the exterior beauty of SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES are the exclusive scientific features that ensure

- (1) THE ARCH BRIDGE, constructed of special finely tempered steel, gives the foot
- (2) FLAT INNERSOLE provides a walking base as natural as the ground under the bare foot.
- (3) METATARSAL PAD relieves the pressure caused by raised heels and keeps the tendons free, easy and straight.

Arch Preserver



300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them to Arch Preserver Shoe Ltd. (London Office): 17/18 Old-Bond Street, W.1